National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 12. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1862. WHOLE NO. 1,156.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At Its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

BLACK SPOT UPON OUR MILITARY ESCUTCHEON.

From Bennett's Herald.

* * * FOR several months past every steamer from Port Royal has brought us accounts of the "lame and impotent conclusion," the abortive and ridiculous result, of this once great expedition, this quasi grand armada. Can any one refrain from laughter while contemplating the finale of this hopeful affair? Laughter, quotha? We beg pardon of Lord Brougham, and of all the coteries of petticoat philanthropists of Exeter Hall and the New York tabernacles—the result of this expedition is, philanthropically considered, most glorious. Look at the Sunday and week-day schools which this great armada has been the means of establishing. Look at the motley group of motley clad or naked negroes, taking daily lessons in A, B, C, and thumbing with their greasy digits the precious productions, the pictured primers, of the American Tract Society and Sunday-School Union. See the hoary wool of the septuagenarian negro bending in unison with the little bald head of the pickaninny over "object lessons," where they learn from the picture of a colored cow before them what C O W spells! Is not this a glorious result—is not this superlative generalship? Have not all the millions of money been well spent to attain this glorious consummation? Are not all the lives lost and the blood shed in this campaign nothing to be compared with the result gained, with the communication of letters to a few superannuated and infantile negroes of South Carolina? We seem transported back again to the age of Cadmus. True it is our army has not killed the dragon, nor even wounded it; but it has taught letters to big and little negroes.

Seriously, this of Port Royal is the blackest spot upon our military escutcheon; it is rank; "it smells to Heaven." We are lost in astonishment that Com. Dupont, with all the honors of bravery, skill and talent upon his head, can have tamely submitted so long to an alliance with such impotency, shame and disgrace in his co-department.

THE SUBLIME OF IMPUDENCE.

From The Springfield Republican.

WENDELL PHILLIPS said, in Music Hall, Boston, last Sunday:

"The government wants three hundred thousand men; we must say to the President, 'You cannot have a man or a dollar until you proclaim a policy.' That will open the eyes of the President and Cabinet to the true sentiment of the North."

The "policy" which Mr. Phillips demands as the condition of support to the government is the abolition of slavery. Now, whom does this man represent when he makes this demand? He represents the Garrison Abolitionists, who take no part in the government and give it no voluntary support, and have not for years, because they think that by so doing they should become responsible for slavery. Nobody expects these men to give a dollar or to enlist in the army. They would not be accepted, for there is not one of them who would take the oath of allegiance. They call the Constitution a "compact with death and an agreement with hell," and believe no man can be loyal to it without committing mortal sin. And these are the men who are most loud-mouthed and arrogant in dictating a war-policy to the Administration, and saying what it must or must not do in order to secure their support. Out upon such impudence! Let Wendell Phillips speak for himself and his little clique, and not for the people. Nobody expects him or his adherents to enlist, or to help the country in any way, or to do anything but abuse and insult those who are laboring and dying in its defence. The true way to silence these malignants is to present to them the oath of allegiance. They won't take it. They will deny that they are citizens of the United States. They merely live on the soil, but are voluntary aliens to the government. And yet these repudiators of the Constitution undertake to dictate to patriotic men how the Constitution is to be defended. Shame on them!

From The N. Y. Observer.

The only point of interest in a brief paragraph on our first page [copied above] lies in the fact that it comes from the Springfield *Republican*, a decided anti-slavery newspaper. When we read such remarks in a Massachusetts paper of that school, we take heart, and hope for the country. They are our sentiments exactly, and we like them all the more in the Springfield *Republican*.

THE PRESIDENT'S TACT.

From The N. Y. Observer.

A SHORT time ago, while several persons were calling upon the President of the United States, one of them, a venerable woman, said to Mr. Lincoln:

"Mr. President, God has called you to your high office to abolish slavery."

"In that case, Madam," replied the President, "I shall undoubtedly do it."

When the Progressive Friends waited on him formally and read him a written lecture on his duty in this matter, he told them that "God's way of accomplishing the end which they have in view may be different from theirs. It would be his earnest endeavor, with a firm reliance upon the Divine arm, and seeking light from above, to do his duty in the place to which he had been called."

If "God wills it," and the President is doing his duty, it seems to us that ordinary faith in God and his servants might make us patient. When the Quakers urged him to issue a decree of emancipation, he said:

"If a decree of emancipation could abolish slavery, John Brown would have done the work effectually. Such a decree surely could not be more binding upon the South than the Constitution, and that cannot be enforced in any part of the country now. Would a proclamation of freedom be any more effective?"

This is the right kind of "abolition." Let the President do his duty, Congress do theirs, and the people do theirs, and all will be well. It is this distrust of God, impatience with Providence, and contempt of Constitution and laws that make all the trouble.

"FANATIC ZEAL."

From Thurlow Weed's Evening Journal.

THE rebellion, in its progress, but for the fanatic zeal of those who aided in precipitating it, would have indicated the means by which it could have been and should be crushed. Slavery, by its madness, would have brought about its own destruction. But in anticipating and in attempting to force "events," instead of awaiting their development, the best hopes and highest prospects of the Union have been thwarted. The more than incendiary, the scarcely less than infernal spirit represented by Mr. Sumner in the Senate, Wendell Phillips in the forum, and *The Tribunes* of the press, has united the Southern people, and now threatens to divide the North. The speeches, lectures and fulminations from these sources have been used by secession leaders and journals to aggravate and intensify Southern hostility. Instead of having, as would long since have been developed, powerful minorities of Union men in the insurgent States, we now see men, women and children banded together against us, fighting, as they believe, for all that is hallowed by domestic relations and social ties. The real character of the rebellion, in the eyes of its victims, has thus been changed. The ambitious, wicked, fratricidal leaders—Davis, Slidell, Toombs, Mason, etc., etc.—enjoy the advantages of a changed issue, in which their great crime is merged.

[Mr. Weed is angry on account of the failure of all his and Mr. Seward's projects of compromise with the slaveholders, and therefore vents his spleen upon Abolitionists and the men of principle in the Republican party.]

Selections.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH,

At Framingham, Mass., July 4.

THE short time which it is possible for me to take, in justice to other speakers, will not permit a speech; and therefore I shall only give you a fragment, torn out of the middle of one, with neither beginning nor end.

We have been reminded in the course of the day of the method, or rather, perhaps I should say, the want of method, in which the military operations of the North are carried on against the rebellion. If the anti-slavery movement which has been agitating the country for the last thirty years still stood in need of any justification to the minds of candid and sensible men, it would be found in this very attitude of the North to-day towards the rebellion, acknowledged on almost all hands to have sprung from slavery, and nothing else. Here stands the North, cowering before the very power which has stirred up that rebellion, and talking about putting down the rebellion without going behind it and putting down its admitted cause; as if you should try to put down diabolism in the world, and respect the vested rights of Satan. Why is it so? Because slavery has blinded the minds of the people, and stupefied their understandings; and all the way from Abraham Lincoln in the chair of State down to his lowest follower in the halls of Congress, you find the same evidence of a want of clearness of vision—not only of moral, but even of intellectual vision. We suppose that men in conspicuous public stations ought to know something; and these men do know something about everything except slavery, and what slavery touches; but going there, they seem to know nothing, or, at least, they do not know the very thing which it is important they should know at this time. We are told that Abraham Lincoln is a very good, well-meaning man; I hope he is. All the stronger, if so, is the proof of what I have said; for your well-meaning man, if he understood his business, would never go about the work of putting down a pro-slavery rebellion after the fashion in which he has gone about it. But men say he is waiting to see if the people will support him; he is going to drift upon the tide. I tell you the man who understands his business never waits for his followers to drift him in the right direction. He is resolute to go forward, and his very resolution serves to bring his followers after him. If Abraham Lincoln had spoken the right word at the right time, he would have been supported by the whole country; not only by those who are marking out a policy, but by multitudes who would have thanked him from the bottom of their hearts for saving them the trouble of seeking one for themselves; and not only by them, but by those who stand waiting for an opportunity, and mean to go with the strongest party, and when they see one party in deadly earnest and the other shivering in the wind, by instinct, recognize the deadly earnest men as the strongest party; and still others, those who were opposed, would have been swept into the current, if Abraham Lincoln had shot forward with energy enough to make a wake behind him that would draw men in.

Men say the Constitution stood in his path. But why is not the constitutional right of everybody else as sacred as that of so-called loyal slaveholders—the "black swans" of this age—to hold men as chattels, when we know that the very root of disloyalty is the practice of holding men as chattels? I think I have some rights, I think you have some rights; but this government of yours stretches its long arms to the North and the South, and sweeps you all up together, your property, your lives, your liberty, and crushes them into one mass, which is to be hurled against the rebellion. You strew the battle-field with slaughter—nobody's constitutional rights meddled with there; you crowd your prisons with captives, put there without warrant of law, save martial law—nobody's constitutional rights meddled with there; and you destroy the property of the nation until you burthen the land with a thousand million of dollars of debt—and nobody's constitutional rights are meddled with there. There is but just one thing sacred in this land, and that is, not your person, not your freedom, not your life or your property, but the slaveholder's claim to make a beast of his brother man (applause).

Now, I answer all that in a great many ways, but I only make one answer this afternoon. In the first place, I say that if you want Constitution, you shall have Constitution, to the very end of it—as much of it as Portia in the play would give of his bond to the Jew; you shall have all that the law awards, and nothing more; and then I say, that by the Constitution of your country, and by the law of your land, Abraham Lincoln is a perjured man if he allows slavery to be recognized as a legal institution in this country another hour. I tell you that slavery died in every rebellious State of this Union the instant it raised the flag of rebellion. I prove it to you in a few short words. What is the legal basis of slavery, if it has any? Positive law. Lord Mansfield said, in England, years ago, that slavery is of so odious a nature, that it cannot be suffered to exist upon any other ground than that of positive law. The courts of Louisiana, Mississippi, and almost every one of your States, slave and free, have recognized that same principle in by-gone times; and all the North—Abraham Lincoln and all the rest—recognize it to-day. Slavery is the creature of positive law, so far as it has any legality at all. *Positive*, not natural law. It has no prescriptive rights, no rights based upon nature; it has nothing to uphold it as a legal system but judicial precedents and statute enactments. Well, what holds up judicial precedents and statute enactments? The government from which they proceed—nothing else. If I have a natural right to anything, you may annihilate all the governments this side of God's, and my natural right remains unharmed; but if I have a right created by government, when the government sinks, my right goes to the bottom with it. Is not that plain common sense? The creator dying, his creation perishes with him. All your theologians will tell you that. Now, the rebellion has annihilated the law-making power in the slaveholding States. Is there any government in South Carolina, is there any government in Georgia or Virginia, or any other rebellious State, which any loyal citizen of the North has a right to recognize as a government? Does Abraham Lincoln recognize any government there except his own? He sends a Governor down—more's the pity—to North Carolina, who goes there to enforce the laws of North Carolina! Poor fool! Not knowing that if he does, he is like the man who stood out upon the branch of a tree, and sawed it off close to the trunk—the instant he attempts to enforce the laws of North Carolina, he cuts off his gubernatorial existence. He ought to know that. But in sending a Governor to Tennessee, North Carolina, and elsewhere, President Lincoln recognizes the fact, that there is no government except his own in any rebellious State; and whether he recognizes it or not, you know it, as a matter of plain common sense. No man can owe allegiance to two governments, at war with each other. The rebellion, therefore, by annihilating every law which the slave States have enacted, has left those States with no other law but the natural law, which does not support slavery, and the laws of the Federal government, which neither do support nor have any constitutional or legal power to support it (applause). You see, therefore, that there is no legal slavery in any one of those States.

Abraham Lincoln said in his inaugural address, speaking to his "dissatisfied fellow-countrymen"—a very pleasant phrase to apply to men in armed rebellion against the government, trying to pull down the very pillars of the commonwealth upon their heads and his own—addressing his "dissatisfied fellow-countrymen," he says—"You have no oath registered in Heaven to pull down this government; I have an oath, a solemn one, to uphold, and defend, and protect it." He is sworn to protect the Constitution. By the Constitution of the country, every man in every rebellious State is a free man this day, and therefore Abraham Lincoln has sworn that he will recognize the freedom of every man in those States. What right has he, then, when Gen. Hunter, as his subordinate, does his part of the work by issuing an order freeing every man within his jurisdiction, to send out and countermand that order? There have been but few men in conspicuous places earnestly engaged in putting down this rebellion—I think there have been a great many more down lower; but the few who have shown good sense in their action have been thrust back by the well-meaning President, and the well-meaning government of which he is the executive officer. I should like to know, if he has such a very earnest desire to go the right way, and such a sincere hatred of slavery, if there is a chance to show it, why he allows Gen. Halleck's order No. 3 to remain in force, which thrusts slaves back into their chains; thus indirectly violating a plain Act of Congress, which declares that no officer or soldier of the United States shall return a fugitive slave? What is the difference, pray, whether you give him up by not allowing him to come into your lines, or letting him come in, and then pushing him back? It is only pushing him back a little sooner in the one case than in the other. Why did not President Lincoln put an extinguisher upon Gov. Stanley's order the moment his nonsense was published? I see he is beginning to crawl back from his position, and has even found Mr. Colyer so good-natured as to be his medium, and say there was a mistake. I think the "mistake" was in his thinking that he should get more support than he did.

The rebels have gone on gaining victories and winning advantages because they have had a purpose, and knew what it was, and drove right at it. If a man gathers all his strength up into the muscles of his right arm, and strikes one manly blow right forward from the shoulder, it is felt by the man he strikes. But if a man does not know what he will strike, and spreads his fingers all abroad, and flourishes his arms this way and the other, he will hurt nobody. Beauregard will laugh in your face at such kind of strategy; and the people who have not made up their minds whether this war has a meaning or not, ought to be defeated, and will be defeated; and it is but a vindication of the ways of Providence, the natural working out of the principles of common sense, when they are defeated. I say all this is the natural result of the stupefying influence of slavery upon the minds and hearts of the people. They have lived under the shadow of this evil institution so long, that they do not know how to behave themselves when the shadow begins to grow less, and so they keep crawling after it and getting under it, because they are afraid of the fresh air and clear sunlight of freedom (applause).

THE DUTY OF TO-DAY.

IN the beginning of this great struggle, the question among loyal men was, *How* shall we save this nation? One year of fighting, and the question is, WHETHER we can save it? That is the question of to-day.

We do not write to blame, but to judge. Unless we are wiser than we have been, we have outlived our nation. Look at facts.

The South has had more than wisdom, civil and military; she has had sagacity.

After Mr. Lincoln's election, *not one single State*, except South Carolina, cast a popular majority for secession. Yet every State seceded except Delaware, Maryland, and Kentucky. There was a divided public mind, a large undertone of Union feeling in the South, even after the war began.

It is absurd to talk of any such thing now. There never was such a revolution of popular feeling on record. Dislike has become hatred. With insignificant exceptions, the South is a unit in intense and unchangeable hatred of the North. By volunteers, by drafting, and by conscription, she has placed in the field an extraordinary force.

With all her sea-ports sealed, with no important founderies, straitened for every single element in the manufacture of munitions and equipments, the South has armed her men so formidably that our Generals would rather lie behind breastworks than meet them in the field. Accustomed to import from the North almost every article of living, the South has in a day become a manufacturer of iron, of cloth, of wood, of leather, of chemicals, enough, at least, for all military purposes. Cumbered with a dangerous population of four million slaves, whose instincts, interests, and secret wishes are wholly, or largely, adverse, the South has extracted from this element a double power, moral and physical. Playing upon the political superstition of the North, she has hindered its movements at every step, by interposing the slavery question—knowing that for two generations men had been educated to yield everything—principle, interest, patriotism — rather than meddle with "Southern rights" of slavery.

On the other hand, they have employed this gigantic force of laborers to raise food and clothing, so that every able-bodied white man might bear arms. They have organized them to military labor, so as greatly to relieve the soldiers of wasting camp-labor. Thus, on the one hand, the slave has given the South a tremendous physical force, and, on the other hand, has been so skillfully played as to hold our Generals and rulers in miserable perplexity. Our armies have been managed as if they were a body of nurses in a foundling hospital, watching at every step lest they should tread on a baby. It has not been supply-trains, baggage, and artillery that have most cumbered our armies, but "delicate questions," "perplexing interests," "intricate relations." We could get siege-trains through the deepest mud. But slavery has kept everything in check.

On the other side, the North has had a navy; yards and founderies sufficient to create ships and machinery to any extent. She has the factories of the nation; she has a free and diversified industry without a parallel; her population is three times as great as the Southern; her citizens are better educated and more versatile; she has public armories, founderies, and private manufactories of arms in numbers; she has the markets of the world in which to buy what she cannot wait to manufacture; she has the prestige and power of holding the National Capital, and the instruments of government; food is abundant. There was never a nation which in men, means, munitions, credit, the unity of citizens, the justice of its cause, resources at home and universal opportunities abroad, stood so advantageously as the North.

During one year, the Administration has attempted to conduct affairs in the *spirit of the old political traditions*. It began by assuming that war was an incidental and superficial matter, and that the business of the government mainly consisted in managing delicate civil questions. Mr. Seward said and wrote that the war would end in ninety days. Repeatedly the public were oracularly told, by those in power, that in four months, or in six months, or within a year, the war would be ended. In short, the force of the government has been directed to the questions of State rights; to the peculiar delicacy of the management required in the Border States; to the necessity of Union in the North, by keeping down an opposition.

Now, what has been the fruit of this year's conduct?

We are not so near a settlement as we were at the beginning. The South, with all her losses, and under difficulties that would have appalled and disheartened any common people, is more united, has a larger army in the field—more comfortably provided for, and better managed—than she had a year ago.

The South is more formidable to-day than she was when she beleagured Washington, held Tennessee, Missouri, and half of Kentucky. She is united; while every day the leaven of old malignant political parties is working disaffection, at the bottom, in the North.

The South has simplicity and unity of purpose. The North is uncertain which she wishes most—to subdue the rebellion, to leave slavery unharmed, or to have the right President at the next election!

The South adjourns every question and postpones every interest in favor of arms. The North is busy with conflicting schemes and interests—and is also mildly carrying on war.

Does anybody doubt the result of such a course? It is so certain, that it is not worth our while to waste another man or another dollar! Either the Administration policy should instantly change, or the war cease! It is not more vigor, so much as a different *internal idea*. If the Administration cannot be disenchanted of the traditional policy that has grown up during the heartless, timid, compromising era of the last half-century, and adopt the simple and straightforward policy that becomes a people striving for liberty and free institutions upon the American continent—then we are doomed! It is War that we are making—War first, War second, War wholly! It is not politics. It is not Constitution-making. It is not the decision of legal niceties. These are not the business of government, as toward the South. It is War, absolute, terrible, and immeasurable War!

The South has organized on the fact of slavery, and fights on that issue, pure and simple. The North must organize on the doctrine of liberty, and fight right through on that issue, pure and simple.

The South sacrifices everything that conflicts with her central idea. The North must do the same. The South is not ashamed of slavery. The North must not be ashamed of liberty!

Under such circumstances, we hold:

1. That it was unwise to call for 300,000 volunteers. The day has gone by for that. The Administration should have *drafted* half-a-million men for instant service, and half-a-million more as reserves. It will waste months of time and spend millions of money, and encourage growing discontent, and expend precious popular enthusiasm—and *then*, be obliged to *draft*. It was not *prudent*? The people might be discontented? To this is replied: It was, and is necessary. The people must consent to that or to dismemberment! This call for volunteers is one more step in that just-behind-the-time policy which has marked the war. Volunteering would have sufficed early in the war, had the Administration been wise according to the exigency. They did not want the men that wanted to go. Now the men do not want to go. Drafting now will succeed. Wait four months, and *that* will have become four-fold more difficult than now! Always behind!

2. The government cannot any longer avoid choosing the issue that has been made up and thrust upon it—*freedom* or *slavery*. The time has come. So long as there was a chance of solving this question *as a civil question*, it was wise to leave it, as far as possible, to the States concerned, and to employ the moral influences which change men's minds. *But slavery has become a military question.* One year has changed all things. A remiss and vacillating policy of the Administration; the committing of the armies of the United States for a whole year to a man who thought he was at West Point giving a four years' course of instruction to five hundred thousand men, infinitely at leisure, has changed the relations and possibilities of things. It has taken slavery out of the realm of discussion, and placed it in the arena of war. It must be settled by FORCE. There is the country, and slavery on it like a deadly cancer. Diet and regimen will not cure it. The knife may. Choose! Shall the patient die, or the cancer be cut out? The question before the American people to-day is—Knife? or Death? Liberty and slavery cannot live any longer together. Choose between them!

The crisis is reached.

3. Let no one fear that a bold policy of MILITARY EMANCIPATION will distract the country. It would have exactly the opposite effect. There is now no *current* of public feeling. Administrative hesitation and a policy so fine and intricate as to be beyond popular comprehension have checked popular enthusiasm. The Administration lies like a dam across a river, and the nation has flowed back into a vast currentless, slack-water pond. This is a condition of public mind which breeds discontent and divisions. These stagnant waters breed insects, vapors, and diseases. They are beginning to rise and show themselves already. But, once make a channel, remove the dam, give course and current to the waters, and they will flow irresistible as the Mississippi. There may be, at first, some dissent, some resistance, some hesitation of men who bring old traditions to new affairs; but, like eddies on the Mississippi, they will but wrinkle the edges of a stream that moves on with omnipotence!

Nothing will unite this people like a bold annunciation of a moral principle. Let the American flag be lifted up by Mr. Lincoln, as was the brazen serpent, that every man who looking upon it on this continent should be free, and a tide of joy and irresistible enthusiasm would sweep away every obstacle. Let Mr. Lincoln decree it. The nation will do it!

Such a policy would carry the conscience of the North; would kindle the enthusiasm for liberty, which is always the most potent of influences; would bring all the historic traditions of the old American struggle to enkindle the ardor of the young, who are to form our armies. It would brush away at one stroke a thousand hinderances, give simplicity and unity to our plans, distinctness to our policy. It would end all threat of foreign intervention. Above all, it would give to the American armies that Pillar of Smoke by Day and Fire by night, by which God the Emancipator led forth his people from Bondage into Liberty!—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

VIEWS OF SOUTHERN UNIONISTS.

Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.

LOUISVILLE, July 15, 1862.

WELL, Messrs. Editors, what do you think of the "situation" *now?* Can't you call a little *louder* on "our government" for more "vigorous measures"? I think, sirs, unless things change, we might as well give it up. We are by the rebel conscription outnumbered, outgeneraled at all points, losing our gallant army every day by companies, regiments, and brigades. Nowhere can we "turn a wheel." And now, at this late hour, our immaculate government is frittering away what little time it can spare from the nigger question in blubbering about volunteers. Why in the d—l don't our authorities act like men who had an object in view which they were determined to accomplish, as the traitors do? Why have they not sense enough to see that so long as the "nigger" is left undisturbed this rebellion *cannot be put down?*

We talk about our eighteen or twenty million to their six or seven million. We should count them twelve million, for their four million of slaves are as useful to them in the prosecution of this war as an equal number of our white population, as producers; and twelve million at home can "thrash" twenty million of invaders always. Again, we hear a great deal said of employing slaves or blacks in camp duty, entrenchments, etc., but not in battle. Oh no, that would be horrible! that is all sheer nonsense; that would give us two armies to feed and clothe instead of one. No, sirs. Make them work, and fight, too, like the devil.

Washington did it; Jackson did it; and what they did we might afford to do, I think, with safety. Moreover, every nation under heaven who have them thus use them; and we think there is no evidence on record of their being less subordinate or dutiful than their white fellow-soldiers. Is there any such record? No, sirs. Send 25,000 or 50,000 of your free blacks into our suffering army, to increase *ad libitum* as we go South, and, by all means, leaving our enemies in the rear incapable of rising to burn and murder our straggling soldiers and citizens.

This, sirs, is a war, the magnitude of which our rulers seem not yet to have comprehended or realized, and we fear they will not till too late to save us. I am a Southern man, a slave-owner; but if necessary to the salvation of the nation, take my negroes; arm them (nay, I would do it myself and fight with them), and sow the land of traitors in salt. They have now 700,000 or 800,000 men in the field; we a little over half that number; and they are capturing our men (and we are losing through sickness) faster than we are "recruiting by volunteering." Sirs, if things go on in this way, the nation is lost beyond remedy.

We should by draft launch 1,000,000 men of all colors into the field by the 1st of September. Move them South, fixing everything as they go, beyond the possibility of a rising in the rear. By frost we would be in the cotton "yellow Jack" States; by spring through and over them, and the war wound up—niggerdom and all. If the war is ever closed successfully, this, I opine, is the only plan. All of which is respectfully submitted, by yours, truly, J. C.

From The Nashville (Tenn.) Union.

The day has passed for hesitation, and indecision, and attempts to conciliate your foes and the foes of freedom. These men who fight against the Union and sympathize with traitors hate freedom with a vehement hatred. They abhor it with all the bitterness of gall and all the venom of the asp. Listen no longer to these imbecile counsellors who hit armed traitors one gentle blow with a muffle, and then wheel around and deal the Administration of your country a half-dozen blows with a knotted bludgeon. We have no faith in such patriotism or such patriots. There are Conservatives who are now at heart with the rebels, and will be with them soon in person, when chance offers; traitors who have sat like Cataline in the Senate and professed loyalty while they were plotting to lay your Capitol in ashes; spies, like Vallandigham and Powell, who sit in your councils and report to the enemy.

For months past soldiers have been returning from the rebel army to Middle Tennessee, some of whom have taken the oath, while many others have not. We had hoped that they had all heartily repented of their wicked enterprise and desired to atone for their treason, but in many instances they have returned only to spy out our strength and positions, to confer with sympathizers at home, to organise companies of marauders, and to inflame the land with the torch of ruin. When these spies have ascertained the position and strength of our various commands, it is an easy task to make forced marches and cut off in detail a few hundred soldiers, whose officers are ambitious of quelling the rebellion by making conciliating speeches, and catching the runaway slaves of rebels. The guerrillas have the game all their own way. We are betting on the gambler's tricks and furnishing all the stakes.

Are the men of the North-west, of the Border States, ready to become the serfs of the cotton-lords, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the pro-slavery oligarchy who will monopolize all political power? Men of the loyal States, will you maintain the supremacy of the Republic, or will you be the abject serfs and slaves of an odious despotism?

TERRIBLE REVELATIONS FROM THE SOUTH.

SLAVES BURNED IN LOUISIANA—TESTIMONY OF A EUROPEAN SAVANT.

The Independance Belge of July 6, 1862, contains two very curious letters, written in April and May last by M. Honzeau, a savant of Belgium, who had been staying some time in Texas, but who recently tried to escape the horrors of civil war by seeking refuge in Mexico. "We have received two of his letters," says *L'Independance*, "and if they did not emanate from one of our countrymen whose good name and character are known to all, we would hesitate to publish statements which seem too horrible for credence. But we cannot doubt their truth, and print them to show the kind of men and cause that the European partisans of American secessionists would defend." We *(Evening Post)* translate those letters, which are so well authenticated:

"MATAMORAS, Mexico, April 27, 1862.

"You probably have conjectured that the blockade has kept me in Texas as in a besieged city, depriving me of all communication with Europe. The government of planters here have increased this isolation by suspending the mailing of newspapers, and by suppressing most of the mail routes, whence results a state of isolation very favorable to ignorance and tyranny.

"What I have seen about me, and what I have heard from the mouths of sufferers and witnesses, forms a frightful tale. I have forwarded a few pages to *The Revue Trimestrielle* since my arrival in Mexico. I could have increased the catalogue of atrocities which the slaveholders are accumulating to their eternal shame. I only wish to speak of facts which I can prove, but will add a few others which I believe to be perfectly veritable.

"A pregnant woman being indisposed, her master had her whipped to make her go to work. She dragged herself to the field and fell upon the ground in the pangs of childbirth. Another punishment was here administered. The lash was applied, *and brought off strips of flesh which were so thick that one could actually see the lungs of the miserable woman*, who during this torture gave birth to a still-born child, and a few minutes after died herself.

"Another fugitive was hung up by the hands, and in that position perished of hunger; his master even had the cruelty to place near him a plate of smoking warm meat, which was renewed at each meal time. One of the comrades of this martyr told me that his last words, in a low, dying voice, were, 'Let me eat—eat.'

"I have seen free negroes banished, and freed slaves, when free papers were not preserved or in due form, sent back into slavery. When I say negroes, I wish to avoid the phrase, 'persons of color,' for it is not so easy to find a purely black negro. The colored population, especially that portion of it which is free, is crossed in the first, second or third degree. There are among them persons whiter than you or I, and they suggest a pretty question in genealogy.

"I have seen a German, who was for a time a slave in one of the Territories, where the slavery of *poor whites* is freely defended. An odious attempt has been made to reëstablish slavery in this part of Mexico. Civil war has been provoked here and sustained by the subsidies, arms and ammunition furnished by the planters. Matamoras, where I now am, is in ruins after a three months' war proportionally more murderous than the wars of Europe. Yet, notwithstanding the American cannon, the heroic population of this city, which has Indian blood in its veins, has repulsed the brigands who have assailed it from Texas.

"What could I do in such scenes of confusion? My humble possessions were seized by these men. I had seen several of my neighbors killed in their fields, and *a few of them scalped*. Others had fallen beneath the axes of the furious rangers, because they were Unionists. I had seen Bole Augustin cut up with knives before the Justice of Peace of San Antonio. I had seen another pursued by a man firing a revolver at him, till he fell bleeding and dying in the market-place. What should I do? What could I do! The path of duty seemed to be effaced. I was at once forced to leave my house, and leave to the Vigilance Committee four bare walls and the ashes of my burned papers.

"I only retained a memorial of the Unionists of San Antonio for the Cabinet at Washington, a document which, if found on my person, would have been enough to have hanged me ten times over, as a spy or correspondent, or a Unionist. I rolled it up and hid it in the barrel of my rifle, and the American Consul at Matamoras, an energetic citizen of New England, to whom I transferred it on my arrival here, has forwarded it to Mr. Lincoln, who, by this time, must have received it.

"I cannot express to you my satisfaction on finding myself free on this side of the Rio Grande. Would that my voice could be heard all over Europe. The Southern States are witnesses of a criminal attempt which rivals the most bloody and abhorred cruelties of the Inquisition. To this sanguinary tyranny is added a throng of terrible passions—all of those passions which are engendered by the possession of man (or woman) by man. There are no longer limits, no longer restraint, no longer modesty. Near to Seguin (Texas) *a master was recently struck by a slave for having in his presence attempted to violate the honor of his negro wife.* Of course the negro husband was hanged.

"In this pretended political movement of the South there is a return to barbarism, which the customs of the times, the spirit of our country, and our ideas of humanity and religion cannot permit. This impious and heathenish attempt, which openly adopts as its motto 'The extension and perpetuity of slavery'—this criminal attempt cannot succeed. The question of the liberation of the slaves assumes every day a more practical form."

LETTER NO. 2.

"MATAMORAS, Mexico, May 13.

"I am lucky, after having lost all my property, in saving myself from hanging as an Abolitionist. I have had a hard journey hither from San Antonio, and have found here a true friend in the American Consul.

"I have lost all my goods, and was forced to burn all my papers, including all my notes on the condition of society in the South, which, though very moderate, were tinged with an Abolitionism (or rather with equity) out of place there. I had also too much delicacy to leave these papers in the charge of any of my friends, thus exposing them to danger.

"Our position as regards Texas is deplorable; the postal communication with Brownsville, and between Texas and Mexico, is quite broken off.

"Ah, my dear S——, with what satisfaction have I escaped from that region of tyranny and oppression! The history of this impious war, for 'the extension and perpetuity of slavery,' will never be fully written. No one can tell it all. What blind rage and hate! New Orleans is taken. Well, you who live far away cannot comprehend the delirium this has raised. Before surrendering it, the planters burned their cotton, their sugar, their steam cotton-presses and their refineries. They preferred this to confiscation and the thought that their goods would enrich their enemies. But—shame and crime unparalleled—*they also burned their slaves. Think of the degree of insane fury to which they were carried. They preferred to burn their slaves rather than to see them emancipated.* Those who committed this atrocity—unparalleled in history particularly, because it did not hurt their enemies—those who did this deed *called their inoffensive blacks together, and sent them into the work-shops and locked the doors; the fire was lighted and quickly did its work, while the masters waited outside to shoot with their rifles the child, the old man, the woman, or any who might leap from the window or roof to escape the dreadful flames.*

"I do not speak of the banks from which the deposits have been seized for the army. They amounted to one hundred millions of francs; but what are a hundred millions of francs to the hecatombs of the servants who by the sweat of their brow supported their infamous masters. The sacrifice of life and property in this terrible war is absolutely incalculable. People have fought with courage, with heroism and fanaticism for causes, if not perfectly righteous, at least justifiable. I could have understood the planter fighting to assure himself of indemnity in case of abolition, or to obtain a gradual emancipation spreading over twenty or fifty years. But I cannot comprehend an obstinacy carried to fury to establish and impose that which is unjust, impossible, inhuman, absurd, condemned by every religion, philosophy, system and nation—I mean the claim for 'slavery, universal and perpetual.'

"This revolution will in time be regarded as the great feature of modern history, not only because it hastens the freeing of American slaves, but because it furnishes the most wonderful example of social monomania—a furious monomania contracted under a long influence of the very spirit of despotism and pride."

SLAVERY IN THE SOUTHWEST.

[A correspondent of *The Tribune*, on board Farragut's Flagship off Vicksburg, July 6, says:]

FUGITIVE slaves continue to arrive on the Fleet from various points in Mississippi and Louisiana, and are generally put to work on the canal across the peninsula, or employed in some capacity on the various vessels. The negroes could not be returned to their masters, if there were such a disposition on the part of our officers; for their owners in many instances are either in the rebel army, or have run away, leaving their sable chattels virtually and effectively free. Yesterday, 14 "likely negroes," as the auctioneers say, arrived here from Eudora, Ark., and asked for employment. They are intelligent, and expressed the greatest horror of slavery. Their master had himself gone to Gen. Hindman's army, and as he had often told them within the past six months that they might go to the Yankees if they desired, assuring them at the same time they would starve to death if they did, they concluded in his absence to make their exodus. They have obtained positions on one of Farragut's vessels, and seem to be highly pleased with their new mode of existence and novel surroundings.

We have heard *ad nauseam* of the affection and devotion of the slaves to their masters, and of the difficulty that would attend any effort of the Northern Abolitionists to wean away their allegiance from the generous and patriarchal lords of the soil. This, like almost everything else appertaining to Secessia, is arrant bosh, and especially untrue of the negroes of the cotton States, where the blacks are more hardly worked and worse treated than anywhere else in the South.

Labor in the cotton fields is the most painful and destructive toil; and, as you doubtless know, in the Border States, the threat of sending negroes to the extreme South is one of the most fearful that can be made; for they regard life down here as the nearest approach possible to a terrestrial tophet.

Several of the negroes with whom your correspondent has talked have told, in a rude but earnestly eloquent way, of what they have endured in cultivating the royal staple of secession, the great deceiver and partial causer of the present rebellion.

They declare that they never were so badly treated as they have been during the past twelvemonth. They have been overworked, poorly feed, wretchedly clothed, and cruelly beaten, without any other reason than to destroy their refractory spirit and prevent all possibility of insurrection. The effect of this increased severity has been exactly the contrary of what was desired. Negroes who were content with their condition a year ago have since grown very impatient of bondage, and resolved to run away whenever they could obtain an opportunity.

They have had little else to eat during the present year than corn-bread and molasses (bacon, flour, and beef having been extremely scarce on account of the blockade—those articles being purchased usually from the North), and not unfrequently have they been forced to labor very severely when they had very little aliment. In consequence of this kind of treatment, many of the slaves have died; and it is said that the mortality among the blacks has never been so great as during the past twelvemonth.

Some days ago, a family of negroes arrived at Gen. Williams's headquarters and asked for some employment, as they had been prompted to fly from their home on account of cruel treatment. Soon after a woman, living, she said, in Mississippi, some twenty miles south of Vicksburg, went to the General's tent and claimed the negroes; declaring she was tenderly attached to them, especially to the younger ones, and that they were her only means of support.

So cunning a tale did she tell, so much feeling did she seem to display, that the General believed her, and promptly returned her negroes. A day or two after he heard *she had whipped the slaves half to death, and had actually tied up two of the youngest, ten and twelve years old, and set upon them several fierce dogs, which had nearly devoured their hands and arms and terribly mutilated their bodies.* The General sent some of his soldiers to the widow's plantation, and they confirmed the story, horrible as it is, in nearly all of its shuddering particulars. The General lost no time in depriving her of her chattels, promising to give them employment when the condition of their wounds would enable them to work. This woman has the reputation and position of a lady in the South, and possesses intelligence and manners far above most of the women living in Secessia.

[A correspondent with Gen. Curtis's army in the South-west says:]

The negroes who had been employed in felling trees to obstruct our progress were freed by Gen. Curtis. Fifty were thus emancipated at Augusta. All whom we encountered seemed anxious to convince us that they had been thus used against our army, for they had learned that was the road to freedom. All along the route the genuine Union sentiment which we found was almost entirely confined to the negroes. In point of intelligence many of them are far superior to their masters.

THE NEW MILITARY ORDERS.

From The Evening Post.

A GENERAL feeling of disappointment foll

power, and then we shall see what we shall see. The nation was confident; it believed what it was told; and it continued to chase, like a schoolboy, the end of the glittering rainbow in the sky.

Congress did its duty and adjourned, leaving to the President the simple task of executing the laws it had passed. He was expected to issue a proclamation at once, declaring the principle of these laws, and instructing all his Generals in the field to carry them out. He was further expected to fill up our thinned regiments at once, by drafting, if it could not be done otherwise. The danger was imminent, the crisis was upon us, and there was no time for straining at gnats. His reply to these expectations is the two orders in question. One of them authorizes the army to support itself in the insurrectionary States, which is necessary and proper; the other empowers military commanders to make use of slaves, which is also necessary and proper. But the vital electric words are wanting. The glorious name of freedom, which is the solution of the whole difficulty, does not appear on the record. In this the President does not come up to the requirements of the law. Congress, which is the voice of the nation, has not only enacted that slaves may be used in the military and naval service, but that all who are so used, their mothers, their wives and their children, are free forever, and that beneficent result should have been declared in the orders. It will not detach the slaves—who are the main productive force of the rebellious States—from their masters, to tell them they will be paid wages for their labor in our camps; but it will detach them to inform them that the law makes emancipation the reward of work. Why has the President omitted the marrow, the vital force, the very point and end of the law?

Our correspondent at Washington, who is usually accurate, and who has the best means of information, insists, that in spite of appearances, Mr Lincoln has at length made up his mind to act with austerity and decision. It is the old story—how can we believe it? Or, if he has, will not the influence of Gen. Halleck, who is known to be a slower and less enterprising mind than McClellan even, and an obstinate stickler for ancient prejudices and forms, modify his opinions once more? Gen. Halleck will, in all likelihood, be acting Commander-in-Chief of the armies, and will naturally exert great power over the determinations of the government. Is he in accord with what are said to be the designs of the President? Will he cheerfully and energetically carry out the new policy alleged to have been decreed? We have our doubts; and yet we are encouraged to hope still, by the positive declarations of the President in his letter to the Border State Congressmen. He said distinctly in that letter that emancipation would end the revolt; he said, moreover, that he concurred with Gen. Hunter in feeling and sentiment, and with such aspirations and such convictions, how, in the name of humanity and truth, can he withhold his hand from the effective deed?

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

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WHAT A YEAR HAS BROUGHT FORTH.

It is little more than a year since the battle of Bull Run struck sorrow and shame to the heart of the North. The shame, and the sorrow, indeed, brought forth good fruits, for they neither dismayed nor disheartened the people, but led them to more resolute efforts to repair the disaster. An immense force sprung armed to the combat, almost without an effort. It looked as if the resources of the South, cut off by the blockade from European supplies, could not withstand the power put forth to crush her. Statesmen and Generals fixed short terms for the war to run, as if it had been a note of hand. And yet, at the end of a twelvemonth from the first great battle of the war, we seem to be about as far from its conclusion as we were on the morrow of Bull Run. We have had our successes, indeed. Fort Donelson and Fort Henry in the West, and Norfolk, Beaufort, Roanoke and New Orleans are witnesses to the strength which lies in either arm of national power when put forth with a good will behind it, on land or at sea. But for all these, the rebellion holds its head higher than ever, and the danger of European intervention is greater at this moment than at the darkest hour of a year ago. Gen. McClellan, at the head of the largest army ever seen on this continent, and seldom equalled on any other, has not yet been able to "push the rebellion to the wall," which he promised to do after Yorktown. His retreat from before Richmond and his change of base in the presence of the enemy was a masterly piece of generalship, but it was a more masterly one on the part of the rebel leaders which compelled him to it. A position seventeen miles from Richmond, however skillfully taken up, will not look to the world so well as one but four miles distant, within sight of its spires and hearing of its bells. Halleck's great Army of the West has failed of permanent successes answerable to its first victories, and is now cut up into small commands. And our Generals on the coast are crippled in their operations, and confined within the range of their guns, for the lack of men enough for their necessities.

These are unpleasant truths; but they cannot be gainsaid nor denied. There must be reasons for them—primary and secondary causes. These last we are not curious to inquire into. Whether the choice of Gen. McClellan were a good one or not, it was certainly an honest one. He was not one of the party that made Mr. Lincoln President. He was young enough to be the son of many of the Generals over whose heads he was put at the head of the army. He was chosen simply because he was believed to be the best educated soldier on the continent, and the most competent for the great work the nation had to do. The Gordian knot of red tape was cut at once, and all considerations of long service and precedence waived by the veterans of many battles, in a manner most honorable to their patriotism. Whether another man would have done better than he or not is now beside the question. Whether he might have spared the lives of the thousands who have died of disease during the last half-year by a vigorous pushing of the war last December, and have ended it by the occupation of the enemy's country before the enemy had time to collect and concentrate his strength for the desperate defence he has so ably made, is now a vain speculation. Bygones must be bygones, as far as measures are concerned. But the country cannot avoid looking beneath the measures, military and civil, of the past year, to seek for the original cause for such a result of such hopes and of such preparations. There must be a primary cause of such a state of things; and that cause, we apprehend, is to be found in the diseased, depraved, etiolated condition of the public mind, resulting from its long exposure to the virulent and pestilential contagion of slavery. Slavery had not only robbed the nation of its guns and its fortifications—it had done worse mischief to its soul by robbing it of its sense of right and wrong, and of its keen perception of what its own preservation called for. It has taken a year at least to bring the general mind to appreciate the fact that we are actually at war, and with an enemy as able as he is unscrupulous and implacable. Without this bitter experience the nation could not be brought to accept the only cure that is sufficient for its disease. The base habits of subserviency to the South were only to be broken by the hardest of blows. The belief that the quarrel was one capable of settlement on other terms than the conquest of one party or the other could only be eradicated by the severest treatment. We think the first stage of the cure is reached.

Impatient as we, whose eyes have been made keen by long looking into the right in which the land was plunged, could not help feeling at the mad attempts to restore the old state of things, it was a necessary condition for the country to pass through. The idea that slavery was not only not incompatible with our national prosperity and greatness, but essential to it, had been too long inculcated and made an integral element of political forces to be easily eliminated. The hope of the good old times, when slavery ruled the land, and Democrats got the fat things as the reward of their allegiance, was too tempting to be abandoned excepting upon the most urgent of compulsions. And the spirit of compromise, which had eaten into the marrow of the bones of the better sort of politicians, made them believe that some invention could be found which should satisfy the South and content the North, without proceeding to extreme and radical measures. But the progress of the war has dispelled all these delusions—or is fast dispelling them. The dream that there is a large Union party in the revolted States, waiting only for a chance to proclaim their loyalty, has vanished like the visions of the night. The fond belief that the rebel forces would disperse of their own accord if let alone long enough, and the rebellion die a natural death if no blow was dealt it, has dissolved into thin air. So has that which flattered us that they were without arms and munitions of war, and on the point of actual starvation. At the end of a year our Generals find themselves not merely out-generalled, but out-numbered, and that by troops quite as well appointed as their own. The President has been forced to call upon the nation for three hundred thousand men, and not only taxation but conscription stares it in the face. Matters are getting serious when they reach a point like this, too serious to be blinked or evaded. The rebellion must be speedily crushed, or the nation is at an end. All means necessary to produce that result must be used, and the war carried on in earnest on our side as well as on theirs. The futility of any hopes of reconciliation must be now patent to the meanest capacity. None but those really desirous of the triumph of the rebels can object to whatever measures are essential to their defeat. This will soon become a test question, and one which we are sure the nation is in a mood to apply sternly and rigidly. If not now, the impending danger of European intervention must bring them to that point soon. And as soon as they have reached it, the work will be virtually done.

The recent action of the President clearly shows that he is seeing his way more and more clearly in the only direction in which safety lies. With the rebellion all but triumphant, keeping his armies at bay on the James, and shutting them up in the captured sea-ports, he must see that the time is coming when the blow must be dealt at its heart in order to be effectual. All honest lovers of their country, all but base panders of slavery, must see that the Negro holds in his hands the destinies of the nation. As he strikes will the battle go on the one side or the other. It may be mortifying, but it is true, and it is just. It is right that the American people should have to go to the race it has so long wronged for its own salvation. Gen. Hunter has demonstrated how easily the black man can be made into a soldier. A word from the President guaranteeing freedom to all slaves who should seek the lines of his armies would disorganize the whole labor of the South. The march of those armies would then be easy, and their occupation of the conquered country sure. The sale of the rebel lands would pay the expenses of the war and Northern emigration, carrying capital and intelligence along with it, would soon regenerate society in those blasted regions. And we should soon see the United States in a position of prosperity, power and glory which would enable them to control the destinies of the world. Such may be the blessed teachings of defeat.

THE VOICE OF NEW YORK.

A CONVENTION of Committees representing the Chamber of Commerce—the Union Defence Committee—the Common Council and other bodies met on Wednesday, July 23d, in the Hall of the Chamber of Commerce, and appointed a Committee of ten, to consider what further action was necessary to carry into effect the call of the President for additional troops. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we look upon the present as the crisis of the rebellion—a crisis from which we see no deliverance other than in the most prompt and energetic action.

Resolved, That every person and every community of doubtful loyalty should be regarded as disloyal; and the announcement should be made that we rely on no qualified Unionist to aid us in this contest for great principles, but trust only in the truly loyal who will sacrifice property, life, and even opinion for the common good.

Resolved, That the time has fully come when we must strike for our national life, using every weapon God has given us, and calling to our aid every person who can be drawn from the rebels or added to our cause. That a proclamation of the Commander-in-Chief declaring the provisions of the recent law of Congress to be the sentiments of the government, and that they will be enforced, would secure to the Union cause thousands of laborers, thousands of fighting men, and millions of cooperating well-wishers. That the welfare of our country, the lives of loyal soldiers, and the happiness of loyal families all over the free States demand the proclamation.

Resolved, That every day's delay complicates our relations, both foreign and domestic, gives the rebels strength, and is wasting hundreds of good and true men; and it is far better that every rebel should perish than that one more loyal soldier should die.

And therefore it is that we, with entire unanimity, most repectfully and most earnestly call upon the President to act in his capacity as Commander-in Chief of the army and navy of the United States, and immediately issue the order which will take from the rebels their great source of strength, while it will diminish their army by calling to the defence of their homes large numbers of rebel officers and men. And we assure the President that in this, as in every act of his Administration, the people of the free States will sustain the policy, while the whole civilized world will applaud the Proclamation of Emancipation.

That such resolutions as these were unanimously adopted by a Committee representing the conservatism and wealth of the largest city on the continent, affords striking evidence of the great change wrought in public opinion within the last few weeks. The President *must*, ere long, obey the rising voice of the people, and issue "the Proclamation of Emancipation."

CHANGE OF OPINION.—Foremost among the "Union-savers" and supporters of the Fugitive Slave law in 1850–51, and since, was Richard Busteed, Esq., an able member of the New York Bar. His opinions, however, like those of many others, have lately undergone a very decided change. The managers of the late semi-traitorous meeting lately held at the Cooper Institute, under the auspices of Fernando Wood, ventured to put his name in the list of their Vice-Presidents; whereupon he wrote a letter declaring that he did not sympathize with the objects of the meeting, and expressed himself in the following terms:

"*I am not opposed* to the further agitation of the negro question. In conducting this war for the nation's life, I would act upon the advice of La Pucelle to Burgundy, 'Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.' I *am* in favor of the restoration of the Union as it was, with this qualification: It shall be a Union in which the citizens of each State shall not only be entitled to have but actually have 'all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States,' and in which a New Yorker shall not be in peril of an application of tar and feathers or hanging in Georgia or Alabama, if he intimates that slavery is not a Divine institution. *I am not in favor* of maintaining 'the Constitution as it is,' *any longer* than is requisite to amend it in the manner provided by law. I want a Constitution in which there shall be no saving clause or ambiguous provision in favor of slavery, but which shall be founded upon the principles of God's eternal justice, and square with his golden rule. These sentiments, you perceive, disqualify me from fraternizing with the so-called 'anti-Abolition, anti-secession' gathering at the Cooper Institute. They rather place me within the anathema and death sentence pronounced by that distinguished orator, Fernando Wood, against those who believe that '*all men* are endowed by their Creator with certain *inalienable rights*, among which are life, *liberty* and the pursuit of happiness.'"

When such men as Daniel S. Dickinson, John Cochrane and Richard Busteed break away from the pro-slavery Union-saving party, it is reasonable to infer that that party is rapidly losing ground.

THE FREED BLACKS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

LETTER FROM J. MILLER McKIM

TO STEPHEN COLWELL, ESQ., CHAIRMAN OF THE PORT ROYAL RELIEF COMMITTEE.

PHILADELPHIA, July 24, 1862.

DEAR SIR: I comply with your request to add in this form, what, for lack of time, I was obliged to omit in my address of the 9th inst., as well as to restate some things which, for the sake of condensation, were left out of the published report.

I. One point alluded to on that occasion, but not discussed, was the mooted one of the black man's courage. Has the negro the spirit—the *pluck*—to do his proper part in maintaining the *status* now, or hereafter to be, assigned him? This is a practical query, clearly within the scope which, as I understand it, my inquiries were expected to take. I will answer it by the statement of a few facts, general and particular—*pro* and *con*. First, general and *con*:

Servitude is not a condition favorable to the growth of courage. Chattel slavery, in fact as well as in law, unmans its victims. The Helots were not so brave as their Spartan masters. The African, on his own continent and on this, is of a milder type of character, and less given to war than the Anglo-Saxon or Celt. The negroes in our Southern States have not, since the breaking out of this rebellion, made haste to rise in insurrection; neither do they now show any especial eagerness to enlist as soldiers. In certain contingencies, not unlikely to happen, it would not be safe to count confidently on their fighting qualities.

But, on the other hand, man is a fighting animal. Courage is an essential quality of his nature. The power to face danger, and death if needs be, without flinching, is common to the whole human family in all countries and under all circumstances. While the Helots were not equal to their masters, as soldiers under them they made the Spartan arms invincible to the world. The African naturally prefers the toils of peace, but he has always, when occasion required it, shown himself capable of the arts of war. Up to this time in his history he has never failed to fight when he has had at the same time the motive and the means. His record on his native continent, in our revolutionary war, in the war of 1812, and in the history of San Domingo, furnish ample illustrations of this fact.

"Then why does he not now rise," it is asked, "in insurrection?" I put this question to an intelligent negro, well known at Beaufort, Prince Rivers by name, now a Sergeant in the 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. "Why," said I, "don't the blacks on the main now rise against their masters?" "Lord, sah," was the reply, "what would be de use? Dey has no chance. What could dey do? no gun, no sword, no knowledge, no chance—no nuthin'."

"But suppose they had a chance, would they fight then?" "Yes, sah." "How do you know they would?" "'Cause I *know* dey would. Only let 'em know for sure—*for sure*, mine you—dat de white people means right; let 'em know for sure dat dey's fightin' for demselves, and I *know* dey will fight." "Well, Prince, wouldn't you call this a good chance?" "Yes, sah; I do call this a good chance, and I tell my people may be it's de *last* chance. Dat's de reason I jine de soldier. I was gettin' big wages in Beaufort, but I'd rather take less, and fight for de United States: for I believe de United States is now fightin' for me, and for my people." "Do your people generally feel as you do?" "No, sah; but dey would if dey knowed de same as I do." This is the testimony, substantially in his own words, of a black man, who is regarded where he lives as in all respects competent to bear witness on the subject.

In one of my visits to the town of Beaufort I conversed with Hannah Small, wife of Robert Small, the hero of the "Planter," and heard from her the whole story of that adventure. According to her statement, which was amply corroborated by facts previously known, the men and women engaged in that exploit were animated by a courage that would be equal to any of the perils incident to a condition of war. The whole party had solemnly agreed in advance that if pursued, and without hope of escape, the ship should be scuttled and sunk; and that, if she should not go down fast enough to prevent capture, they would all take hands, husband and wife, brother and sister, and jump overboard and perish together! Now, I think that, if you will add to the courage evinced in this transaction by the whole party, the cool, strategic skill of its leaders, you will have a fact that will throw some light on this mooted question.

Before leaving the island I had a letter from a gentleman,—one of the superintendents—containing an incidental allusion to this subject, which it may not be amiss here to quote:

"Ordinarily," says the writer, "the blacks show a lack of courage, but when an emergency occurs, they display a coolness which I would like to commend to their white brethren. About ten days ago we were roused from our beds about daylight by one of the neighboring superintendents, with the cry that the rebels were upon us, and that we must to the boat immediately. All were startled, and much panic prevailed among the whites (there were three men of us and two women), and two of the men undertook in an excited manner to force the men of color to leave their families. The colored men stood calm, and did not move, till one of them said, 'If massa will tell us what to do, we'll do whatever massa says.' Then being directed, they took hold, and we were soon in our boat and under way. A short time after we left, some Union pickets came in, and in an excited manner told the people that the rebels would be there in twenty minutes and would burn the plantation house.

"They were believed; but instead of running off as we did, the women of the party collected *our* household stuff, clothing and valuables, placed them in a box, while the men took it on their heads, went to the woods near by, dug a large pit and buried the box, and covered the place with brushwood; after that they went about taking care of themselves and looking after their own things. They then placed the old people and children in little canoes, ran them into creeks into the marsh during high tide, and there remained concealed in the high grass for six hours, till return tide, under a blazing sun. Everything was done coolly and with method. I could but notice the contrast."

II. Speaking, in my address, of the goods sent to the blacks, the clothing, made and unmade, etc., I intimated that their distribution was not made wholly as a charity, but that a portion of them were sold. The money to pay for these goods was made by the negroes by picking and packing cotton, planting the new crop—a dollar an acre on which had been paid by Mr. Peirce—and selling chickens, eggs, vegetables, fresh fish, and the like, to the soldiers. The negroes show quite a Yankee turn for traffic. This may be noticed by any one who will watch them on the beach at Hilton Head, where they come in their canoes to dispose of their commodities. The men of the 100th Pennsylvania and the Massachusetts 1st are quite sharp at driving a bargain, but the negroes are fully a match for them. They will dispose of their half-fledged chickens at fifty cents a pair, their eggs at a quarter of a dollar a dozen, and their scanty strings of mullet or whiting at "a quarter," in as short a time and with as much ease as would any old Jersey marketman, brought up to the business on the curbstones of Philadelphia.

On my return from my tour I brought home to the Treasurer of the Committee nearly $300—the proceeds in cash of goods sold from the Philadelphia boxes on the island of St. Helena. Mr. Philbrick, one of the superintendents from Boston on the same island, told me that he had sold for cash goods to the amount of about $800, and that he could have made the amount larger if he had had the articles. He had purchased the goods out of his own pocket and sold them at wholesale prices, his object being to accommodate the people and save them from the extortion of sutlers and other traders. Since coming North I have received a letter from this gentleman, in which he gives the items of his sales, which items throw incidental light on another subject germane to this, and I will therefore quote them. They are as follows:

Sugar, at 12c per lb.—1 bbl.	$18 22
Molasses, 50c per gallon—4 bbls.	78 80
Shoes, at $1 per pair	40 00
Salt, at $1 per bushel	19 00
Cotton Denims, 15c per yard—2,420 yards	363 00
Tobacco, at 20c and 38c per lb.	68 00
Soap, at 20c per bar	6 50
Ready-made clothing	223 00
	$816 52

Connected with this, let me state that among the Philadelphia articles that were exposed for sale a few days before I left, were a quantity of very small, low-priced looking-glasses, and a half-dozen iron pots and pans. The former came into immediate request, and for the latter—there not being enough to supply the demand—there was almost a scramble.

The point on which "incidental light" is thrown by these facts, is, that of *the enlarged market for Northern manufactures that will be created by an enlarged area of freedom.* The average cost of maintaining a slave, independent of his food, has been computed at $13 50 per annum for a field-hand, or $4 50 a head all round. This covers the expense of two suits of clothes, two shirts, and every six years a pair of blankets; and, for field-hands only—that is for about one out of every three—a chip hat, or a cheap cap, and one pair of shoes; and, for such as are old enough to need it, one handkerchief. Whatever they get over this, as a general thing, they buy out of their own earnings.

Now, it will be seen that, as soon as these people become free, their wants increase. They begin to demand articles of clothing like that worn by the laborers at the North; and articles of house use also, such as pots, kettles, pans, brushes, brooms, knives, forks, spoons, soap, candles, combs, Yankee clocks, etc., etc. Some of these articles are already in request; others are coming into demand. Ten thousand new customers, to be sure, is not a very large number in the aggregate of a nation, but they are sufficient to affect somewhat the gains of Northern men of business. Now fancy this 10,000 multiplied by 400, making 4,000,000, the total number of slaves in the country, and what an overwhelming economical argument does it furnish in favor of pushing this Port Royal experiment to its logical conclusion.

III. The subject of climate is one which, in this connection, needs a passing notice. It is a matter on which much ignorance prevails, and in regard to which even the best informed acknowledge a want of light. The climatic question at the South has been made subservient to the slavery question, and there is reason to believe that the alleged facts propagated from that quarter, in favor of the one, are not much more to be relied upon than those that have been put forward in support of the other.

The favorite theory of the Charleston savans, as stated in the loose phraseology in which one oftenest hears it: "A night on the plantations during the height of summer is almost certain death to a Northern white man"; or, as it is put forward by its more cautious advocates: "The Southern climate is fatal to unacclimated white people; they cannot bear the sun in day time, nor breathe the air at night without imminent danger of life." The inference they desire to be drawn from this assertion is, that cotton, rice and sugar can only be raised successfully at the South by black slave labor. Now, whatever may be the truth on the general subjects of climate and slavery, the fact of this argument is as lame as its logic. Our soldiers on Hilton Head, reputedly one of the least healthful of the islands, toil in the sun by day and stand guard at night; and yet up to this time they appear to be as healthy as the same number of men in similar service in other parts of the field. White carpenters from the North, who have been working for the government there, say that they can bear exposure to the weather as well and even better than the colored carpenters working alongside of them. They can stand the sun nearly as well, and the rain and the sudden changes of the weather a great deal better.

I was admonished, while debating whether or not to undertake this tour, that it would be dangerous to go to Port Royal after the 1st of June. When I had made up my mind to go, I was advised not to expose myself to the sun, to keep in out of the night air, not to sleep with my windows open, not to drink the water of the country, but instead, to slake my thirst with tea, coffee, or claret! But I did go after the 1st of June; I exposed myself considerably to the sun, and spent a large part of nearly every night in the open air; I always slept with my windows open; and I drank the water freely; in no instance resorting to either tea, coffee, or claret as a means of quenching my thirst; and yet I never enjoyed better health in my life than I did there and since my return.

I am aware that "one swallow does not make a summer," nor one summer prove the truth of a theory; but when an individual's experience is backed up by that of a whole body—as is mine by that of the teachers and superintendents—a fact is furnished of important significance; and the presumption is raised that if one half of the pro-slavery climatic theory rests upon false data, as has been shown, the other half may not be much more firmly supported.

That there will be sickness—epidemic sickness—in some cases fatal sickness, in these islands this summer, is more than probable. A rank vegetation under a high solar heat, long continued, must produce malaria, which in turn must produce disease; but that this disease will be more virulent, or more widely spread than the epidemics of other low lands, in regard to which there is no especial fear—as for instance, the valleys of the west, or the Atlantic slopes of the east, is a matter in regard to which much may be said on both sides. For, as a set-off against the heat of the sun at Port Royal, it must be remembered there is the refreshing sea-breeze; and, as a counteractive of the miasmata in the air, there is the salt with which the atmosphere is at all times more or less impregnated.

In view of all these facts, the most intelligent people on the island, with whom I conversed, expressed but little apprehension of disease. The truth is, more concern was manifested about the mosquitoes and fleas than about yellow fever. The one was a present and actual evil, the other a future and contingent one. As it was, the teachers and superintendents were cheerful and happy. Most of them were willing to remain throughout the season. They had come there from a high sense of duty, and there, from the same motive, they meant to abide. At the end of three months from this time they will be able to tell more about the climate of South Carolina than can be learned from any other source.

IV. Independent of the matter of climate, there are other sanitary aspects to this question which demand a share of attention. There is reason to suspect that the slaveholder's therapeutics are as much at fault as his politics, ethics, or economics. The Southern medical man delights in the "heroic system." His favorite reliances are mercury, antimony and cantharides; drastic doses inwardly and torturing applications outwardly. When well, a Southern man's diet is salt pork, with stimulating drinks to make it digestible; when sick, his medicine an exhausting cathartic to "clean him out," and a horse-power tonic to build him up. In other words, the knocking down and jerking up practice* of the plantation is carried into medicine; and this practice carried out with rigid uniformity and disregard of exceptional cases. The same prescriptions (the expense being equal) for the black man, whose blood is thin from a hominy diet and prostrating labor, as for the white man whose vessels are turgid with a surplus of meat and riotous living. Surely if a Southerner can stand all this, and his climate besides, it is fair to suppose that a Northern man, with a constitution at least equal and a better system of hygiene and medicine, might risk a residence at Port Royal with the hope of surviving it.

Investigation and experiment will, in all probability, show that the health difficulty in the way of reconstruction at the South is no more formidable than others which have already found a solution. Perhaps it will turn out in the matter of medicine, as in that of morality and religion, that the best wisdom is to be found with the slaves. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." A medical gentleman on Port Royal Island, who serves the Association in the double capacity of surgeon and superintendent, informed me that on entering upon his duties he found a large number of the people ill with small-pox and other fevers of a dangerous character; that not one of the small-pox cases had proved fatal, though some of them were very aggravated, and that he ascribed this fact more to the skill and judgment of an old black nurse whom he had found there, than to any power of his own in the healing art. In a letter which this gentleman has since written me he thus alludes to this subject:

"I owe much of my success to the presence of a very excellent and intelligent colored woman—'Aunt Hannah'—who has been unremitting in her labors. I generally administered a laxative in the initial stages of the fever, and after that, teas, as practised by the black nurses—such as orange leaf, rosemary, and life everlasting. This I did from the conviction that it would be unwise to depart from uniform habits so long established and so deeply rooted. The result has been exceedingly gratifying, and has taught me that all of wisdom is not confined to the 'schools.' The method of treatment by the nurses is exceedingly simple, and I am now satisfied very effectual. I am not ashamed to say that I have learned many useful lessons from these simple people."

The blacks on these islands have, from tradition and experiment, accumulated many facts in regard to the healing powers of roots, herbs and the like, which men of science might turn to good account. They themselves, however, express more faith in the white man's medicines than in their own. When I would ask them what they did in this, that or the other kind of sickness; what they gave for this, and what they took for that, they would answer invariably by mentioning some drug of the apothecary, such as ipecac, calomel, salts, or something else that "massa" would give them. "But suppose your master was not near, and that there was no white man to give you anything—then what would you do?" "Den we take orange leaf—de sour orange, not de sweet (the native seedling, not the grafted), and we make tea of him; dat make we sweat and take away de fever"; or, "we tie up de head with 'gympson' leaves (shammonium); dat make we quiet and stop de pain"; or, "we give it (the child) Asia root tea; dad bery good for de worms," etc., etc. By a course of interrogation like this, facts were elicted showing that these ignorant people have quite a copious pharmacopœia. They have their sudorifics, anthelmintics, diuretics, carminatives, antispasmodics, etc., etc., some of which they claim to be specific in their effects, and none of which certainly are any the less valuable because called by a homely negro name, instead of a learned technic from the dictionary. It is fair to presume that among the simple remedies of these people are to be found some quite as efficacious while a good deal less dangerous than many that are weighed out from the shelves of the apothecary. It is to be hoped that Gen. Saxton will have on his medical staff men competent and willing to give to this subject the attention due to its importance. The sanitary question is closely allied to the slavery question; whatever throws light upon the one aids in the solution of the other.

V. I have in my possession some letters from gentlemen at Port Royal which I should have been pleased to introduce in the course of my address at Sansom Hall; but there was not time; neither is there space here. Nevertheless, as some of them contain matter corroborative of my statements, as well as suggestive of new subjects for thought and reflection, I will take the liberty of making a few quotations. The first shall be from a letter from Mr. Philbrick, the superintendent from Boston, to whom reference has already been made. He says:

"They (the blacks) work on with a degree of confidence and industry that has surprised me. Though we came on to the ground nearly two months later than the date when they generally begin to prepare for the new crops, we have planted more than half the ground that was planted last year, including a much larger breadth of corn. The generally expressed feeling is one of content; they are willing to endure a certain amount of privation for the sake of being their own masters. There is, too, a very general feeling of religious trust; a feeling that God has interfered to drive away their old masters and give them a chance for themselves. . . . . They never refer to their masters' cruelty unless closely questioned. I have not searched for cases of this kind, because I thought it a waste of time to talk over past troubles when the present hour was so crowded with duties. They have no malice in their hearts.

"I overheard one of the servants in this house, the other day, telling another that he ought to pray for 'old massa.' 'No, I won't,' said Joe, 'I *can't* pray for him.' 'Oh, yes,' said Flora, 'who knows but he may now be perishing for want of a meals victuals, while you have plenty.' There is a lesson, thought, I, in Christian forgiveness, which a woman of more culture would do well to study. I do not believe there is another race in the world so docile or so easily managed. I am confident that no Irishman could be induced to perform the amount of labor they have accomplished this year with so little definite promise of payment. They work well and willingly whenever they see clearly that they are to profit by their labor. It is to be regretted that so large a portion of their work this year has been upon a common field, where there was not felt that individual interest which alone can stimulate labor to its best results. This gang system is a relic of the old slave system, and it must be abandoned when the people come to work for regular wages."

"I will only say, in conclusion, that I came here from my home in dear old Massachusetts, impelled by a sense of duty, to see what could be done toward organizing a system of free labor out of the crumbling ruins of the old method. I have become deeply interested in the work, and shall continue here from the same motive that brought me till I see the organization sufficiently perfected to stand alone and sustain itself as a beacon light before the world."

Mr. Richard Soule, Jr., also of Massachusetts, in a letter containing much valuable information, has the following:

"There is but one feeling among the negroes in respect to their present condition as compared with that under their old masters. They consider themselves much better off, and have no desire for the return of their masters. They would take to the woods or escape in boats, they all say, if they had any intimation that their masters were coming back.

"Our experiment here has fully satisfied me of two things: first, that the negroes will do as much work in the condition of freemen, and under a judicious system of day-wages, as they formerly did under the stimulus of the lash; secondly, that there is no need of providing for the emigration of any considerable portion of them, as they would prefer to stay where they are, and as their services will be required on the places where they have been accustomed to labor.

"The time has arrived, it seems to us, for the government to take some definite steps in this matter. If the *status* of these blacks is now that of freemen, let us know it beyond a doubt, and then we can work for their improvement and elevation, both physically and morally, with much better heart than we do now, when the future seems so uncertain.

"If they are declared to be free, my plan would be to pay them day wages for their work, and require them to purchase all they need in the way of food and clothing, abolishing the present system of allowances and gratuities of land for private cultivation. I would have an account kept of their hours of work, precisely as is done in our workshops in the North, the pay to be graduated according to the amount of work done. In this way they would soon learn to appreciate the advantages of industry, and would soon acquire the thrifty habits of freemen.

"The improvement of their physical condition being first secured, I would make provision for their education by establishing schools in convenient localities, with competent teachers, to be paid in part at first, and wholly by and by, by a tax on the parents. It would not take a long time, I think, to make the entire population self-supporting, and to enable the more thrifty of them to accumulate something in advance of their immediate wants."

I have one more letter from which I desire to quote, and I shall have done. It is from the "medical gentleman" above referred to, Dr. James P. Greves, superintendent and physician on Edgely plantation, Port Royal Island.

"When I arrived on the 15th of March, I found everything here in a chaotic state. Being suddenly left by their former masters, who also took with them the teams on the place and many of the implements; afterward the United States troops taking all their cattle, milch cows, sheep and other stock—even their corn, they seemed to be at a loss what to do. Of course no work of any consequence was done, and without a forthcoming crop they must starve, or be sustained by the government. They therefore cordially welcomed me, and agreed to work under my directions. I found but one mule to do the ploughing; therefore most of the work must be done by the hoe.

"To add to the difficulties, the small pox made its appearance in an aggravated form, and there being no one here to caution them, very many had been exposed to its contagion. The result has been that out of 71 residents on the place, 29 have had small-pox, and 58 have been prostrated with other forms of sickness—measles being also very prevalent. No one case of small-pox has proved fatal. I owe much, etc." (already quoted). "With all these drawbacks there are now planted, and in fine growing condition, about 90 acres of corn, 40 of cotton, and 11 of sweet potatoes, peas and other vegetables. If the season prove favorable, we shall have a surplus. At present the population is almost entirely sustained by government, and must so continue to be till the corn is ripe. They are generally destitute of clothing of all kinds. Their masters issued to them their last supply in December, 1860; consequently they suffer from want of necessary clothing. This want has been partially supplied from the North; but very few shoes have been sent. We need shoes now for fall use. Flannels, when they can be had, are worn the year round, on account of the humidity of the climate. I would here state, to the honor of our soldiers, that many of the people would have been naked, had they not received clothing from them.

"I have been impressed from the first with the belief that the primary care of the superintendents should be for the welfare of their bodies. Very little real progress can be made in reforming any people whose physique is neglected. They are naturally a religious class, and that part of their nature needs but little direct stimulation; but they need to be led into correct habits of body, and how can this be accomplished if they are allowed to continue to live in filthy, dark and contracted huts? You have seen a specimen of them. How can you raise a healthy ambition among such a people under such circumstances? Improve their physical, and they will rapidly improve in the moral and religious departments of their nature. In school they learn rapidly, and all ages join, from gray hairs to childhood. For the first four weeks, I taught in the evening, being too much occupied through the day by other pressing duties. Since that time, assisted by Miss Howell and Miss Wright, we have had four sessions a day, to accommodate the working as well as the other classes of our people. Many of them now read in the Testament, and nearly all have made good progress; about fifty in all have been thus taught.

"They have their vices. Deception and petty thieving prevail. They are careless, indolent and improvident. They have a miserable habit of scolding and using authoritative language to one another. All these vices are clearly the result of *slave education*, and will gradually disappear under improved conditions. Miss Howell has established a sewing school among them, which was much needed. Heretofore when a garment began to give way it was thrown aside; now they see the benefit of mending. But very little progress can be made until larger and better dwellings are furnished them. I hope government will allow the avails of the cotton crop to be appropriated in part to an improvement in this respect. There is now not a sawmill on any of the islands, although there is abundance of timber. A most economical expenditure at this time would be the erection of such a mill, and the employment of a good Yankee to run it. The fall is now near at hand, and better houses are an absolute necessity. The tenements on this place are rotting down and leak badly. How the people are to be made comfortable during the next winter, I do not know. Had they new and roomy cabins they would be ambitious to keep them clean. The groundwork of reform and progress must be improvement in the physical condition and surroundings. They excel the whites in emotional religion, but their intellects need cultivation; there must be education therefore to establish an equilibrium. I am satisfied that the law of kindness will work like a charm with them. As teachers and guides we need unwearying patience and steady perseverance—never losing sight of the fact that habits inwrought by time into the texture of their being require time to eradicate. In several instances I have been tried to the utmost by serious quarrels among the people, which seemed to require prompt interference; but I always kept cool, and put off adjudication for twenty-four hours. In the meantime they have had time for reflection, and before the twenty four hours would be expired the party most in the wrong would come and acknowledge the wrong, and promise amendment. If one is honest with them, and gets their confidence, the rest is easily accomplished."

The suggestions in this last extract, in regard to things needed by the blacks, remind me of a memorandum that was furnished me before leaving the Islands, and which it was understood I should in some way or other make public. It was as follows:

"The clothes most in request here are coats, shirts and trousers for men; jackets, shirts and trousers for boys of eight to sixteen; frocks and chemises for women and girls. Flannels are needed, and should be provided in the proportion of not less than one to six; that is, one-sixth of the undergarments should be flannel to meet the necessities of the weakly and infirm. Clothes for newly born babies and for babies up to a year old much needed; also for school children of both sexes, from five to twelve, and for older boys and girls, from eight to sixteen.

"In purchasing new things don't let the mistake be made of catering to what by some is considered 'the negro taste.' Their taste is the same as ours. The prettiest things—that is, the things that we would consider prettiest—are always first chosen. Yellow osnaburgs are their detestation; they are ugly in themselves, and remind the people of their condition as slaves.

"Made-up clothing is always acceptable, especially that for children, which should all be ready-made; but it is not necessary that clothes for the adult should be made up. This they can do for themselves. Many of them prefer to buy the stuff and make it up their own way."

Before closing this letter, sir, I deem it proper to state that the enterprise in which your Committee is interested is under obligations for many acts of kindness and cooperation performed by officers of the army and navy at Port Royal, especially the two distinguished gentlemen who respectively command at that point. The deep interest manifested by Gen. Hunter in the success of this movement—his protecting care over the blacks, and his considerate kindness to their white assistants, have been matters of grateful acknowledgment to the friends of the cause, as well as of bitter misrepresentation to its foes. To no other military man in the field, perhaps, are the freed blacks of Port Royal, or their friends, or the honor of the country, so far as they are concerned, so much indebted as to David Hunter, Major-General commanding in the Department of the South.

To Com. Dupont is due a similar acknowledgment. While at Beaufort,

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, July 28, 1862.

THE great anxiety of the nation to-day has reference to Mr. Lincoln, the nation's President. Has he the courage to meet the issues of the hour? Is he great enough, bold enough, wise enough for the emergency? If not, the doom of the republic is certain. It is impossible for the people, however earnest and pure, to succeed at this late day, if the President is not great enough for the emergency.

I can see nothing that has yet come from the Presidential mansion which gives a clue to the future. It is impossible as yet to say whether Mr. Lincoln is a failure or not. He has not yet done anything to convince the people that he is a statesman or a great leader. The order issued by him in reference to the seizure of rebel property and the use of black men as laborers was not bold—was not even manly. Congress went still further in a law—in a law that Mr. Lincoln signed—and it certainly seems very strange that the President in his order should have shrunk from the provisions of his own law. In the appointment of Gen. Halleck as General-in Chief we have no promise of the future, so far as the question of slavery is concerned. Halleck has been a bitter pro-slavery man, and no one has yet heard of his conversion. Since his arrival here I have not heard a word of his acquiescing in the supposed new order of things. No one has the right to suppose that he will carry out the recent enactment of Congress heartily. His whole previous course is against it.

The most serious fact, however, is the Presidential order which is so strangely silent upon the subject of slavery. Why was he silent? Why was the order so worded that it would not offend even the rabidest of the Bordermen, like Wickliffe and Wadsworth? I hear of what the President says in private conversation—many encouraging things—many sayings which would rouse one from the depth of despair could he believe them to be the honest sentiments of the President, and to indicate his policy upon the slavery question. But unfortunately it is reported that the President contrives to please everybody who calls to see him. Some day a warm anti-slavery man has an interview with him, and he comes away telling his friends, "I am sure Mr. Lincoln is all right. We can trust him. He is on our side of this great question. He will strike a blow at slavery one of these days that will make him famous!" All is well, we are encouraged. But before bedtime a friend says, "I saw Mr. Blank of Kentucky this evening. He had an interview with Mr. Lincoln for an hour this morning, and he says he is perfectly satisfied that he dislikes the anti-slavery people, and that he means to cut loose from them!" There you have the history of the ups and downs of an anti-slavery man in Washington.

Just think of it! The ship is on the breakers, or so near them that the hoarse surges startle the most stupid from slumber. The Captain is at last roused from his cabin, and is upon the deck, and we all await his order to put the good ship about—*and he does not give it!*

In spite of this dark picture, I am in strong hopes that the ship of State will yet escape these breakers. Perhaps the Captain has fully resolved upon his course, and is simply waiting a moment to gather strength of voice, to give the grand order at the precise moment when it will do the most good. After the many good and honest things Mr. Lincoln has said, I cannot yet believe he will let this nation drift to destruction because he is afraid of Kentucky. It cannot be. It shall not be. The President will not desire to go down in history as the man who lacked the courage to save the nation.

Gen. Lane has gone West, *he says*, to raise a small army, and with the permission of the President to enlist and arm as many black men as he can. Is this so? So Gen. Lane says. I *know* that this is the representation of the Kansas Senator, but there is something a little queer about his conduct heretofore. He has always been on the point of doing something important in the military line, and just before he was ready the President or the General-in-Chief has interfered. Then there were threats of what Lane would do when he got back to Washington—that he would open his batteries upon the Administration, etc., etc. Yet when it came to the sticking point—when Lane came on here—it was found that he seemed to be on the best terms with the President. It is so now. Lane departs for Kansas on good terms with the Administration. It remains to be seen if within two months the Western newspapers will not herald forth another difficulty with the Administration and the consequent return of "Jim Lane" to Washington to take his seat in the Senate. I confess that there has been so much of this kind of work in connection with Lane that I mistrust his statements. I doubt whether Mr. Lincoln has committed himself yet to the idea of using the black man. If he *has*, the country is saved. If in this one case he has told a Senator to go home and put a half-dozen black regiments in the field, the great question is settled. Some represent that this is the case, but I fear the President, if questioned, would deny the story and show that the Kansas Senator had misunderstood him. All that we want is that Mr. Lincoln shall seize the bugle and give the bold note announcing a new policy. Whispering it into a few anti-slavery ears will not answer the purpose. It must be *proclaimed* if it is to have any effect, North or South. The slaves would hear the note a thousand miles away, if once given in no uncertain way.

The old *National Intelligencer* of this city has of late been endeavoring to monopolize Mr. Lincoln and the Administration. While *The Evening Post*, *The Tribune*, and *The Independent* have been mildly expostulating with the President, *The Intelligencer* rushes to his defence, especially in reference to the slavery question. *Everything* that the President has done favoring slavery this paper applauds and praises, and when any act is against slavery it keeps silence. On Saturday morning a remarkable article appeared in *The Intelligencer* upon Mr. Seward and his position with the Administration. The article was undoubtedly written by Thurlow Weed, who is here, and it means a good deal. We hear from it that Mr. Seward has been the enemy of no General whether in success or disaster, and that he now wishes to see unanimity everywhere. Finally, we have the thrice-repeated statement that Mr. Seward, when he leaves the State Department, leaves public life *forever*. "I will *not* be President, even if the people want me as a candidate," says Mr. Seward through his faithful friend Mr. Weed. And, by the way, there is a little secret connected with this whole matter. Thurlow Weed has a hold upon *The National Intelligencer* that most people know nothing about. His tenure is pecuniary. The nominal proprietors of that sheet can deny that he is editor or owner, but in reality he has the whole concern in his hands. It is covered with debt, is mortgaged all over, and Thurlow Weed has the management of those mortgages. In other words, Mr. Seward really "inspires" the general course of *The Intelligencer*. He gives it nice bits of exclusive news occasionally. The settlement of the Trent difficulty was given entirely to that journal. Not one of the New York journals had it till after it was printed in full in *The Intelligencer*. So with some other very important matters, which Mr. Seward had within his own grasp. This may seem idle gossip to some, but it is not. It all bears on one very important point. *The Intelligencer* opposes all radical measures for the overthrow of the rebellion. It has of late seen fit to join issue with the leading Republican journals on the question of abolishing slavery. Does it represent anybody? Is it Mr. Seward's personal organ? There are very many reasons to believe that it never writes anything that it knows will displease the Secretary of State. It often publishes leading editorials written either by Mr. Seward or his friends. As for the next important question—does Mr. Seward have the ear of the President? there can be no room for doubt. Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln are very intimate, and, unless Madame Rumor tells unconscionable lies, agree almost entirely as to the conduct of the war. AVON.

THE DUTCH EMANCIPATION BILL.—The Emancipation Bill proposed by the Minister for the Colonies has passed the Second Chamber by a large majority. Many amendments were introduced favorable to the negroes to be freed. The period for declaring emancipation is fixed for 1st July, 1863. The maximum term of the government surveillance is ten years. The government scheme of immigration is rejected. The bill has yet to pass the First Chamber, which cannot amend it, but must either reject or accept it. Its acceptance is fully anticipated.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

HONORED SIR: If ever the voice of the People might be considered the voice of God, it was when that voice called you to Washington. Partisan politicians had dragged our country down to the lowest deeps of degradation. Conspiracy had poisoned the head of the nation. Treason had mined the foundations of the Capital. Volcanoes were rumbling over a great part of our land, threatening to pour forth the lava that should destroy. Dark clouds, portending great storms, appeared on the horizon. Distant thunders, betokening approaching tempests, were heard all around. Fitful gusts of wind gave warning of the coming tornado. The great Ship of State, under the control of insane officers and a treason-maddened crew, was rushing on toward deadly breakers. The passengers, wild with affright, and, in their despair, sweating great drops of blood, called for help, and the voice of the ALMIGHTY, spoken by human tongues, called you, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, to the helm. I doubt if Sacred or Profane History can produce a more direct providential intervention in the affairs of a people. I speak reverently when I say that God knew the instrument he was selecting for the salvation of this nation. I design no flattery for you, Mr. President—none whatever; you are the mere human clay in the hands of the Almighty potter, to be fashioned by His will. Yet, like all human agents employed by our Universal Father for the good of his children, you are endowed with powers of discretion, and will be held responsible for the proper use thereof. Since you have filled the great office you have been called to, you have done well. I believe no man could have done better. God be praised for what you have accomplished. If the prayers and wishes of thousands of honest hearts are of avail to a public officer, you, Mr. President, have been and are well sustained. Nightly, from the homes of loyal thousands whose loved ones are doing and dying for their country's life, and weekly from ten thousand pulpits, ascend heartfelt prayers for the Head of the Nation—for you, Abraham Lincoln. See to it that no deed of yours shall give cause of regret to these prayerful ones. Let not the blessings so lavishly invoked on your head be, by any act of yours, turned to curses. Providence has invested you with as much authority as ever fell to human hands. Use it wisely; use it well. On assuming this authority you found your country divided by treason. On the side of the traitors you found slavery; on the side of loyalty you found freedom. These hosts still oppose each other. Still slavery is trying to destroy the government established for freedom. Are you doing all that your high position demands for freedom, for government, for right, for justice? Do you realize as you ought, that while you hesitate to assume what you may conscientiously consider doubtful powers, in behalf of freedom as against slave-working rebellion, thousands on thousands of your loyal fellow-citizens are going down to their graves? Do you realize that honest homes are made desolate by camp-engendered disease, that walketh by noonday and resteth not by night? Death deprived you of a loved one since you have been President—death in its least repulsive form. Your cherished one breathed its last in the arms of parents, surrounded by the care that never tires. Yet you grieved. Think, Mr. President, of the heart-rending miseries that thousands of fathers as loving as yourself daily and hourly suffer by the prolongation of this terrible war. Your child died under your roof; their sons are dying on the battle-fields, wasting in deadly camps, and marching down to the dead from diseased hospitals. Names of killed, wounded and sick fill our papers. Death reaps a rich harvest. Sorrow reigns supreme. Millions of people believe that much, very much, of future woe may be prevented if you will call to the aid of the nation ALL THE HELP within its reach, without stopping to see if the Constitution provides such aid. Our national edifice is on fire. The flames are destroying its timbers. The great want is *water*, WATER. We have no time to waste in discussions as to the nature of these elements. We know that the one that is in the greatest force will conquer. The fire of rebellion, aided by the work done by slaves, is destroying us. Our only safety is in pouring on the WATERS OF FREEDOM fast enough to quench the flames. We have been manning the engines for long, burning months; our men have dropped dead in their harness. Still we have worked, and still the infernal fire rages. Slaves that are to-day helping rebellion by their labor had rather work for the nation. All they ask is *opportunity*, OPPORTUNITY, OPPORTUNITY. To you, Mr. President, has God intrusted the duty of preserving this nation, of putting out this fire. Will you not rise above all party or personal prejudices, and grasp every and all means that can be reached? This terrible rebellion is in one section. The other section is loyal. God deals with peoples in mass. The people of the rebellious States as *a mass* are armed traitors. If there are any loyal States among them, they should be protected in their rights, but such protection should not tend to the defence of traitors nor to the destruction of loyal ones in other States. They may be pitied for the misfortunes of locality. We of the loyal States have suffered, are suffering badly, *as a whole*. This loyal few of the traitor region must not complain if they too suffer. The nation is rich, is just. If by any act of the government these should sustain unjust loss, they can be made whole—not so with the nation. If its life is taken by this rebellion, no earthly power can restore it. To you, Mr. President, under Providence, we look to preserve its existence. We are laying down our lives and pouring out our money to aid you, all we ask is that we be not utterly exhausted before you call to our assistance the hundreds of thousands of slaves (now working for the rebels), every one of whom would gladly work for us if invited or allowed. As a mass, these slaves are our friends. They have acted as our guides and pilots. They are ready to work and to fight for the old flag, if that flag will only protect them. Justice to them as a people dictates their emancipation. Protection to ourselves demands that we use them. The first principle of war, that of weakening your enemy, requires that we invite them to our lines. Our rebellious enemy lives on the food they produce. His soldiers rest while his slaves do the tiresome work that wears out our brave men. You, Mr. President, can change all this. The common sense eloquence that your proclamations carry can send hope to the loyal, fear to the rebels, and joy to the slave. As a mass, the people of the rebel States are traitors; as a mass they should be punished. If inviting their slaves to help us would be a punishment, that punishment should be administered. You are the man to apply it. The harvest fields of the loyal States are white with the bread that is to feed us. Hands cannot be had to gather in the great crops a kind Providence has given us. You ask for three hundred thousand more men. The nation is willing to give them. But where shall they come from at this season? If the harvest is left ungathered, we invite starvation for the future. The rebel States, too, have their harvest to secure. *They have slaves to secure it.* We have none. Thank God, we have none. A proclamation from you, Mr. President, inviting their slaves to help us, with a promise of freedom, would bring more strong arms and willing hearts to our armies in the South than you now ask the loyal States to furnish. This weakens our enemy, gives us the services of men to gather our harvests, and saves the lives of thousands of as true men as ever lived. The wickedness of this treason deserves this punishment. Our own self-preservation demands it. View this in another light. Admit that the majority of the people of the traitor States are loyal and should not be wronged of their property or personal rights. All governments take private property for PUBLIC USES by paying a reasonable price therefor. Without this well-settled principle, nations could not exist. Without it we could have no roads, canals, parks, or other public things. Apply this principle to those loyal ones of the South, whose slaves might leave them on your invitation. No injustice would ensue. If they are loyal, they ought to aid the nation to the extent of their ability. We of the loyal States do that. Those of the traitor States must bear their share of the burden. This is simple justice. Wherever our armies go, there also go Federal laws. These laws exact obedience from a black slave just as imperatively as from a white freeman. These laws protect the slave in his right to life. For this protection he should yield service. You, Mr. President, can require that service. In conclusion, I implore you, by your love of country, by the sympathy you bear your fellow-citizens, by the love of freedom, by your regard for Right, for Justice, to call to your aid the help of ALL CLASSES OF PERSONS, IN ALL PARTS OF OUR COUNTRY, whether they be WHITE OR BLACK, BOND OR FREE, NATIVE OR ALIEN, let all who can help have an opportunity, and when in future times the historian writes your name, it will be in LETTERS OF GOLD as the PRESERVER of the NATION. GOD BLESS YOU, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

A FEW WORDS MORE.

HAVING in good faith stated our objections to the article in *The Christian Examiner* for July on "The Africans and their New Guardians," we are anxious not to do even the slightest injustice to the writer, and therefore give place, without comment, to the following note:

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

YOUR courteous recognition of my note encourages me to add a few lines more—the insertion of which, however, I do not claim as a right, nor even ask as a favor—crowded as the times and your columns are. But I am exceedingly anxious that there should be a right understanding between those who have advocated instant emancipation all along, and those who hope the time for it has come. It is to express myself feebly, to say that I long daily for the appearance of the decisive word—in what form, I am willing to leave to the President to decide.

When I wrote my former note, I was absent from home, and out of reach of a copy of *The Christian Examiner*. I felt, moreover, that a month had brought great changes; I had earnestly desired and looked forward to the decisive measure of emancipation—though without pronouncing on the possibility of it at any given moment; there was never a time when I should not have eagerly welcomed and sustained it, when once declared; and I already trusted that the Administration felt prepared for the final step. And, from your criticism, I feared I might have really expressed myself too timidly—though the motive, I knew, was to remove, and not to magnify, the "difficulties."

What is my surprise, on reviewing the article, to find that all the phrases you answer are contained in a passage of 4 or 5 pages out of 37, of transition from the general question to the particular illustration; that at the very outset of it I say "the task will be comparatively *easy and safe*" (p. 116), and that it is not "*attended with the difficulties and alarms which many apprehend*" (p. 117); and that the phrase "enormous difficulties" (used only once, p. 123) refers simply to the task of instructing "millions" at once, as the "few thousands" have been instructed at Port Royal! On recalling all the testimony on the subject, I cannot think I have used words at all too strong.

Whether the sudden proclamation of emancipation, a year ago, would have brought the war at once this side the Ohio and Potomac, and probably thrown the West into the arms of the South, it would be a pity to debate now. This, or a desperate servile war, I think, would have been the effect. Either way, I justify the Administration in its caution. And I find, since I wrote, that the noble work of Count Gasparin implies exactly the same view which I expressed. All that I said has nothing to do with the question, *Has not the time for emancipation come now?* Permit me, *sans phrase*, to sign myself, EXAMINER.

OBITUARY.

DEPARTED this life, of stomach fever, ASA D. WRIGHT, at his residence, Deer River, Lewis Co., N. Y., in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

He was beloved and respected by all who knew him. His hand was open to the poor. The oppressed fugitive slave ever found a friend in him. His house was a station on the Underground Railroad. His steeds moved the fugitives on to the land of freedom.

He was of the Friends' Society in faith and practice. He instituted the first temperance raising in this town, some 40 years ago.

His funeral was held according to the order of Friends, on the 19th of 7th month, 1862.

The Abolition lecturers and temperance reformers always found a home at his house, and funds to help them on in their labors. D. W.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for July (Leonard Scott & Co's American Edition) opens with a review of Earl Stanhope's Life of William Pitt. This is followed by a pleasant, chatty, and at the same time instructive, article, "Across the Channel," from the pen of a recent traveller. Next we have a continuation of "Caxtoniana" (a series of Essays on Life, Literature and Manners). Then follows a critical notice of the new collier-poet, David Wingate, whose merits are duly acknowledged. The next article is a review of "Jeffreys's British Conchology—Snails." Then come "Stanzas to Wordsworth," by P. S. Worsley. "Iphigenia in Aulis" is the title of the next paper—"to be continued." The number closes with fresh chapters of "The Chronicles of Carlingford."

"AMONG THE PINES."—We call attention to the advertisement in another column of a cheap edition of this work which will shortly be issued from the office of *The Tribune*, the object being to introduce it into general circulation as a true and faithful picture of slavery in its effects upon the slaves, the masters and the poor whites. The writer is a merchant of this city, who describes what he has seen with his own eyes in the course of a long acquaintance with Southern society. The work, it will be seen, is to be put at a very low price, in order to bring it within the reach of the multitude. The friends of freedom should make special efforts to give it the widest possible circulation.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for August contains the conclusion of "Among the Pines," and the beginning of a new series of sketches, by the same author, under the title of "A Merchant's Story," in which Southern white society will be truthfully depicted. Besides these, there are a variety of articles in prose and verse. New York: J. R. Gilmore, 532 Broadway.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XX., containing portraits of Gen. Hunter and Henry A. Wise, brings the Diary of Events, the Record of Documents, Narratives, etc., and the collection of Rumors and Incidents, down to March, 1862. New York: G. P. Putnam: Charles T. Evans, General Agent, 532 Broadway. [See advertisement on fourth page.]

Chronicles of the War.

The War in the Southwest.

The accounts from the Southwest, of the doings of the guerillas, are anything but pleasant reading. We learn of a raid on Florence, Ala., on the 21st ult., by a party of rebels, who entered the city and burned all the warehouses used for our commissary and quartermasters' stores, and all the cotton in the vicinity. They also seized the steamer used for transporting our army supplies over the Muscle Shoals, took all the money belonging to the boat and passengers, and then burned her. A small detachment of Gen. Mitchel's troops were also captured. Subsequently the same party proceeded down the Tennessee River as far as Eastport, burning all the cotton on the way. Another band of guerillas attacked a waggon train near Pittsburg Landing, and captured sixty waggons, with commissary and quartermasters' stores.

A report has reached Cairo that our forces have evacuated Grand Junction, Tenn., and that the place has been occupied by the rebels. It is said they now have possession of almost all that portion of the Memphis and Charleston road between Memphis and Corinth. The guerillas have also made a small demonstration on the Mobile and Ohio road at Humboldt; but it is now again in running order.

The Missouri guerillas, under Porter and Cobb, 900 strong, were badly defeated and routed at Moore's Mills, seven miles east of Fulton, on Monday. The rebel loss was from 75 to 100 killed and wounded, with guns, ammunition and baggage, and the National loss was 45 killed and wounded. Such wholesome lessons will do the rebels good.

The Nashville *Union* learns on good authority that Gen. Nelson has ordered five hundred negroes, belonging to rebel masters, to be sent to him for the purpose of putting them to work for the benefit of the army.

The Memphis correspondent of *The Tribune*, under date July 21, says: "The divisions under Gen. Sherman have been for a long time in the enemy's country. They have had ample facilities for studying the temper of the people in Northern Mississippi and Southern Tennessee. They bring precisely the same reports which came from Curtis's command and other columns in the far South. 'We find no hearty, trusty friends but the negroes; they alone are glad to see us, to give us information, to assist us in every possible way.'

"Gen. Sherman himself entered the war a pro-slavery man; but like thousands of others, he finds the logic of events too much for his former views. Only a few days since, he said to a party of planters who admitted their sympathy with the [illegible] 'I don't give a [illegible] for it, gentlemen. If this goes on, the government will be compelled to set your slaves all free; perhaps to put them in possession of your plantations, and leave you to shift for yourselves.'"

A Proclamation.

By the President of the United States of America.

In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which act, and the joint resolution explanatory thereof, are herewith published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing, or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion against the government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of the forfeitures and seizures as within and by said sixth section provided.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 25th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand
[L. S.] eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President—WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

THE SIXTH SECTION.

Annexed is the sixth section of the confiscation act referred to by the President in the above proclamation:

SEC. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That if any person within any State or Territory of the United States, other than those named as aforesaid after the passage of this act, being engaged in armed rebellion against the government of the United States, or aiding or abetting such rebellion, shall not, within sixty days after public warning and proclamation, duly given and made by the President of the United States, cease to aid, countenance, and abet such rebellion, and return to his allegiance to the United States, all the estate and property, moneys, stocks and credits of such person shall be liable to seizure as aforesaid, and it shall be the duty of the President to seize and use them as aforesaid, or the proceeds thereof. And all sales, transfers, or conveyances of such property, after the expiration of the said sixty days from the date of such warning and proclamation, shall be null and void; and it shall be a sufficient bar to any suit brought by such person for the possession or the use of such property, or any of it, to allege and prove that he is one of the persons described in this section.

Voice of an Officer.

From The Chicago Tribune.

We have a long and interesting letter from an officer in the Yates' Sharpshooters, who, if we are not mistaken, was a Democrat when he went into the war. He is now for making clean work of the rebellion and of slavery—its top-root. He says:

"I believe that the policy of emancipation as advocated by the *The Tribune* is the only one that will give us a permanent peace; but when the North adopts it she must make up her mind to place her shoulder to the wheel and not look back. I am ready for one to fight for it, and I believe the majority of the army will heartily endorse it. This war has made more Abolitionists than ever the speeches of Wendell Phillips did. But whatever policy the government may adopt, *let it proclaim it and then back it with all the power of the North.* The rebellion may as well be ended in three months as three years, and when the last gun shall be fired may the beams of returning peace shine on a country, a whole country, in which the clanking of the chains of a single slave shall not be heard. I remain, with respect, yours, etc."

This is the demand of the army everywhere. Give us a policy—a uniform, a consistent and an energetic policy. We have been fooling long enough. Let us make war as if the government was in earnest. We want to fight. We have guarded secesh pig-pens, chicken-coops, and truck-patches long enough. Let us go forward and end this war! This is what the soldiers say, and by and by they will be heard.

The War in Texas—Gen. Fremont.

As long ago as last December Anthony M. Ignowitty of San Antonio, on behalf of himself and of thousands of other loyal citizens of Texas, chiefly of German origin, presented a memorial to Congress praying for the military occupation of Texas with a view to the protection of loyal citizens.

This memorial sets forth that he and thousands of others had settled in Texas with the assurance and expectation that it would be made a free State, but that they had been oppressed by the propagators of negro slavery, who had finally precipitated the State into the rebellion. The memorial urges the adoption of a plan for the speedy reconquest of Texas, the deliverance of its loyal citizens from despotic bondage, and the conversion of the State into a free State.

In conjunction with an expedition it recommends the adoption of a wise and equitable measure of negro emancipation. Indemnifying loyal men, and confiscating all property of rebels. And sets forth in glowing terms the importance, on grounds both of political economy and morals, of this project. This memorial was referred to the Military Committee, and it was subsequently laid before Gen. McClellan, who then being General-in-Chief of the armies, disapproved of it. While it was pending, there was talk of entrusting the enterprise to Gen. Fremont, and since that General's retirement from the command in Virginia, the plan has been revived, and Dr. Ignowitty is pressing it upon the government, with what success is not known. Friends of Gen. Fremont, however, assert confidently that he will have the command.

Gen. Mitchel and his Negro Spy.

Gen. Mitchel has been charged with being a pro-slavery man, and desiring the perpetuity of that damnable institution in preference to the suppression of the rebellion. Gen. Mitchel is not only an officer, but a soldier. The same obedience which he requires from the officers beneath him he himself renders to his superiors. Order No. 3, which by this time must be world-wide in its notoriety, extended over the division of Gen. Mitchel. Like a wall of adamant, it hemmed him in on all sides, and embarrassed every movement. For a time this order was obeyed. No negroes, in addition to those already in his camp, were allowed to enter. But Gen. Mitchel had a line of one hundred and twenty miles to protect, and knew not at what moment the enemy in force might fall upon him. He must have spies. The white inhabitants would give him no information. What could he do? He sent for one of his best Brigadier-Generals, and asked him if he knew any one in his camp who possessed sufficient courage and intelligence to act as a spy and learn the position of the enemy. The General told him that he knew of but one man; that he was a negro slave by the name of Sam Gardiner; that he could read and write, possessed tact, shrewdness, courage, all that was requisite to discharge efficiently the duties imposed upon him. "But if he serves us, we must guarantee his liberty," said Gen. Mitchel. "Yes," said the Brigadier-General, "he will be worth little without that." "He shall have his liberty, and so shall all others who aid me," said Gen. Mitchel, and in an instant conceived a plan to surmount the frowning battlement, "Order No. 3." He sat down and wrote to the Secretary of War: "Shall I guarantee to all negroes who will bring me truthful information of the enemy's movements, their liberty and my protection?" "Yes," responded the Secretary of War; "liberty, protection, or anything else they ask for." Sam Gardiner was sent for. He was told that he should be free if he accomplished what Gen. Mitchel desired him to do. The tall form of the negro straightened; his face gleamed with an almost superhuman intelligence. The man who was but a despised body-servant before, seemed suddenly to have been transformed into another being. In reply to questions propounded to him, he suggested a plan by which daily information could be obtained of the enemy's movements along the entire line of 120 miles. His plan was adopted, and that very day put in execution. From that day until Gen. Mitchel left for Washington, information was obtained of all that was transpiring in the rebel camps. The rapid and brilliant successes of Gen. Mitchel (he frankly admits) could not have been accomplished without the aid of the negro, and that aid never could have been obtained without first guaranteeing to him liberty and protection.

Can the Blacks Take Care of Themselves?

A correspondent of *The Tribune* in the blockading squadron off Wilmington, N. C., speaks of eight contrabands picked up in a boat some thirty miles south of that place by the Monticello, Capt. Brain. He says: "They had escaped from a place called Little River Inlet before daybreak, and were making their way hitherward. They had provided themselves liberally and discriminatingly with linen and other articles of clothing, including eighteen vests. A fact that speaks well for their intelligence was their having a dozen tooth-brushes among them. Most of their clothing was new, one of their owners being the proprietor of a store. Tell me that these blacks do not know enough to take care of themselves! They have evinced no such incapacity. We have one on board our own vessel who escaped from Wilmington about seven weeks ago, in a miserable shell of a boat, and found his way out to us, passing at night immediately under the guns of the rebel forts, and succeeded in reaching us. He has proved himself at least as industrious as his fellow-sailors, and his conduct has been in every respect irreproachable. I am no particular admirer of the negro; but when I see so many instances of intelligent forethought, and witness their patient industry and adaptation for self-control and preservation, I am compelled to see what my eyes behold, and to this effect I cheerfully bear witness. When any of them gain a vessel of the fleet, he is shipped as a landsman, cleaned, if necessary, furnished with suitable clothing and bedding, and paid $9 a month wages, from which the cost of outfit is deducted. They generally adapt themselves to a seafaring life with great facility, and their accession is very generally welcome, more especially as many of the ship's companies are reduced in numbers, caused by fitting out prizes with crews." In consequence of information received from the contrabands picked up by the Monticello, an expedition was sent up Little River Inlet, where $50,000 worth of rebel property, contraband of war, was destroyed.

McClellan's Army.

It is reported from Fortress Monroe that a large rebel force is being concentrated on the line of the James River, above the junction of the Appomattox and the James, sent from Richmond by way of Petersburg. This force, it is believed, already numbers from fifty to seventy thousand men, and it is asserted that Stonewall Jackson is in command, notwithstanding the stories of his threatening Gen. Pope's advance at Gordonsville. It is also surmised that an attack will soon be made on Suffolk by the rebels.

Gen. Pope's Division.

Maj.-Gen. Pope, accompanied by his Staff, left Washington for his headquarters "in the field." There seems to be a likelihood of serious work in his Department soon. There is already occasional skirmishing with the enemy in the vicinity of Orange Court-House, near Gordonsville, and the rebel Gen. Ewell is reported to be in force on a line extending through Gordonsville to Stannardsville, on the east side of the Blue Ridge. He is supposed to have from twenty to thirty thousand men.

Gen. Pope has issued another order indicative of the spirit in which he intends to wage war on the rebels. Hereafter no guards will be placed over private houses or private property of any description, and commanding officers will be held responsible for the conduct of their troops. The soldiers, he says, were called into the field to fight the enemy, and not to guard the property of those most hostile to the government.

Summary.

A WEALTHY SOLDIER.—Mr. Elias Howe, of Bridgeport, Ct., the well-known inventor of the sewing-machine, after giving $1,000 to the Bounty fund, signed his name to the roll of volunteers, and announced that he should not procure a substitute. This was received with tumultuous cheers, and signatures to the roll followed rapidly. Mr. Howe is one of the wealthiest men in Connecticut.

EMANCIPATION IN NEW ORLEANS.—Col. Stafford, Deputy Provost Marshal, having complained to Gen. Butler that many slaveholders, as a punishment, tell their servants to "Go to the Yankees," the General has ordered that such instructions shall be considered as emancipating the servants by the consent of their owners, and that hereafter all slaves so treated are free by virtual manumission.—*Cor. Herald.*

The Charleston *Courier* of a recent date contained the following intelligence from Texas:

"An order has been extended for every family to leave Galveston, it having been determined, as in the case of Vicksburg, to defend it to the last. This order has been complied with, except by some seven families. The parties being suspected, their homes were searched, when the Stars and Stripes were discovered, intended to be hung out should the Federals take the city. *All those guilty of this treason were taken out immediately and hung.*"

Yet these are the people who talk of retaliating on Gen. Butler for hanging the man who violently tore down the Union flag when first raised by loyal hands in New Orleans.

MORE ABOUT CAPT. MANSFIELD'S TENDERNESS TO REBELS.—We have been shown a private letter from McDowell's corps to a gentleman of another part of the State. He adds confirmation to the extract published in our paper yesterday with regard to Capt. Mansfield. Writing from Fredericksburg he says:

"The rebels of this vicinity can have no reason to complain of Yankee rule. Capt. John Mansfield, of Portage City, of the 2d Regiment, is Provost Marshal of this District, and his only ambition seems to be to acquire a reputation for chivalry among the disloyal. Please remember the name—he may be a candidate for political honors sometime in Wisconsin. He punishes a Union soldier worse for plucking a bud from a 'secesh' rose tree, than he would for stealing a horse from a loyal man."—*Madison (Wis.) State Journal.*

COL. LORD ON CONFISCATION.—At the war meeting lately held in Watertown, Col. Lord, the gallant commander of the New York 35th Regiment, and well known as a pro-slavery American leader at State and National Conventions, made the following speech:

"Fifteen months ago, he said, in this hall at a similar meeting, a clergyman expressed the conviction that the war would not end till slavery was annihilated. He felt then like rising to rebuke him. But he had come to see the subject in the same light now. He believed in confiscating the slaves of rebels and employing them in the government service. The rebels could not maintain themselves long, but for the work and fighting they get out of their slaves. He thought we had been too tender toward the rebels by half, it was time to pay them back in their own coin."

REBEL BARBARITIES.—The New Orleans *Bulletin* reports that the flat boats on which the sick and wounded of Gen. Curtis's army were brought down the river, were, though flying the hospital flag, fired on by men, or more properly fiends, from the bank. Our men cried out to them to stop—pointed to the yellow flag, and begged them for God's sake not to fire, as the boats were loaded with sick and wounded men. But the touching appeal availed nothing—volley after volley was poured into the defenseless hospitals, without their being able to return a shot. Slowly and steadily they floated down the current, unable to escape the leaden storm, unable to hide or shelter themselves, unable to increase their pace and get out of range of the remorseless, merciless ruffians, who were murdering them in cold blood. All they could do, was to lie still and take it, each one wondering whether his turn would come next, until the firing attracted the attention of the rear guard, when the pitiful cowards ceased their slaughter, and ran away like whipped dogs. Why won't some Englishman take this as a text, and enlighten the British public on the subject of the barbarism of the Northern troops!

In this wicked raid many of our men were wounded—one, a captain, it is feared, mortally. Confederate loss, none. Brilliant engagement!

THE PROBLEM.—There are engaged in the war 20,000,000 of loyal people against 11,000,000 of foes, who consist of 7,000,000 whites and 4,000,000 blacks. The rebels, fighting at home, have an advantage that countervails the disparity of numbers. The adult rebel whites can all go to the army, because the blacks support their families and furnish them rations. But these blacks are loyal and want to help us. But mean, blind, suicidal prejudice refuses them the privilege. Suppose they were allowed to help the loyal cause, the strength of the combatants would then be:

Loyal whites	20,000,000
Loyal blacks	4,000,000
Total Union strength	24,000,000
Secessionists	7,000,000

At present the contest is that of twenty men living at a long distance away, going to fight eleven men at home; result doubtful. When the blacks are permitted to help the North the contest will then be twenty-four men against seven, and part of the former at home and familiar with the country and its resources. Result no longer doubtful; rebels soon thrashed to their heart's content.—*Chicago Tribune.*

CAPTURE OF A REBEL MAIL CARRIER.—*Memphis, Tenn., July* 11, 1862.—The authorities have just captured a negro mail carrier from the rebel army at Tupelo, Mississippi. Much important information is culled from the letters and papers captured, and many of the bitter secessionists who ran away from their families now find both themselves and those they left behind in rather an unpleasant position. The negro was the property of Anthony Street, of the firm of Street and Hungerford, of Memphis, and has been employed in this capacity ever since the occupation of this place by our forces. The master, a violent secessionist, and an officer in the rebel army, left his family in this city, and through it has been keeping open mail communication across the lines. Mr. Hungerford, Street's partner, who has through the whole reign of treason in Memphis been a loyal man, was called on by the Provost Marshal to corroborate portions of the negro's testimony concerning his rebel master. The affair involves a large number of the "high toned," and many will be invited to leave the city and go to "Dixie's land."—*Herald.*

MORE EXASPERATION.—"Our men," writes a surgeon connected with the 52d Regiment Indiana Volunteers, "have killed many bloodhounds, valued at $100 a piece. These dogs, kept to hunt runaway negroes, were put after some of our men, and hence their slaughter."

—Is it "policy" to kill an animal so valuable to the Southern gentleman to keep his slaves in order? Will not such ruthless conduct as this farther exasperate the South? Who can doubt that by such imprudent acts as these our Southern brethren are rendered more and more unanimous?—*Evening Post.*

—Exasperation is not the worst of it. *The Journal of Commerce* can show that killing these bloodhounds was an act of flagrant violence to the Constitution. Were the owners regularly sued and brought into Court? Were the dogs confiscated and condemned according to law? Was not negro testimony taken to prove the bad character of the gentle creatures? Did our hunted men let them bite so as to demonstrate their carniverous propensity? In short, was the business done up as Roger B. Taney or Valladigham would prescribe? If not, here is clear ground for a damnatory resolve in the next Democratic State Convention.—*Tribune.*

THE BLACK MANTLE OF SLAVERY.—The Roanoke (N. C.) correspondent of *The Tribune* says: "The natives do not now and never have been able to understand how it is that most all our men read and write, while only so few of theirs can. I tell them I know—the Zouaves and all the rest of our men are from free States, while they are in a slave State, but the poor creatures are blind to the fact; they hear it mentioned with strange indifference. The black mantle of slavery is around this country. Slavery benights the people, wastes and desolates the rich soil, and breeds nothing but rottenness and ruin everywhere. An old clergyman (the Rev. A. Twine), who has resided here for many years as a preacher among the people, says, 'that so far as he is concerned he knows slavery to be at the root of all our present evils; and not only so, but he knows it to be at the root of all the prevailing evils by which the course of the South has been backward and downward.' Many at home in the North appear to be utterly blind and deaf to the force of such testimony. The continuance of the rebellion, and the increase of testimony against slavery will, in the minds of the soldiers and, I trust, the people too, rouse them to a proper comprehension of the fact which the old minister has uttered."

THE PRESIDENTIAL PUTTERING with the Border State men is no good augury. Just think of a full grown man of mature age, holding the opinion and expressing it that if the Border State members of Congress had responded favorably to his emancipation proposition of March last, "the war would be now substantially ended." What can you make out of a man who utters and believes such transparent nonsense? Once get an idea into old Abe's head and it sticks there forever. I have heard of a man who had to die of a fever because he was so narrow, *it had no room to turn.* Is the President so narrow that this stupid idea cannot escape from him? The immediate abolition of slavery in the Border States would go far towards ending the

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

TAMAR'S PRAYER.

FITFULLY her cabin fire
Flickered up across the gloom,
On the little children sleeping
In the corners of the room,
On the forms that circled slowly,
Swaying to the favorite tune,
To the measured beat of rhythm,
That the older women croon.

When one said, amid the chorus,
Speaking hurriedly and low—
"Of the strange words of our masters,
Have you heard and do you know?
Down along Virginia's rivers,
Lincoln's men march side by side,
Giving all the black men freedom,
While the masters fly or hide."

She went out beneath the live oaks,
With their hanging veil of grey,
Knelt upon the passion flowers,
Reasoned all her fears away,
And she said, "In far Virginia,
With its stranger fruits and flowers,
One God rules alone the country,
'Tis the self-same God rules ours.

"We have prayed in Carolina,
They upon Virginia's sod,
One has heard, and One shall answer—
Have we not the self-same God?
God of Northmen, as of Moses,
Send them to our help, we pray;
God of slaves as well as freemen,
Give us freedom in this day."

Bless the Lord! their friends are coming,
Marching on like thunder-storms,
With their firm but kind eyes looking
Pity on their trembling forms,
Past their quarters, through their cornfields,
With a black man for their guide,
While they thought "our Father's angels
Surely with the freemen ride."

Far away in many a rice field,
Where the blue mist creeps at night,
In the tangled marsh where hunted
Fugitives have stayed their flight,
Pine and moan their wives and children,
Sleep in fear and wake in prayer,
But the God who freed these islands—
Yes, the self-same God is there.

Soon across the Southern city,
Guarded fort and cotton row,
Shall the steps of the deliverers,
Shall the Northern armies go;
For the self-same God is reigning
In the South as in the North,
And at last to save his people
He has sent his armies forth.

St. Helena's Island, S. C. ELLEN.

LIBERTY'S LEGITIMATE WEAPON.

From Conway's "Golden Hour." *

A PANTHER can slay seven men, if in the encounter the men have only the weapons of the panther: tooth to tooth, claw to claw, the men are inferior. But let *one* man encounter the panther, armed with his superiority to the panther—let him bear in his hand his chemistry and art, in the fire arm which the panther cannot invent or use, and he can slay the panther.

Slavery having challenged Liberty, Liberty has been unwise enough to select Slavery's own weapons. But with these weapons Liberty's apparent victories will be defeats; for though the panther be driven into its den, to hold it there would be the subversion of this government, *i. e.* its change into a government of military force. But let her be armed with her superiority to Slavery, and she is irresistible.

The only legitimate weapon of Liberty is—LIBERTY.

It is doubtful if the nation at large will be able to see how a bold, unconditional decree of emancipation would speedily and thoroughly suppress this rebellion. God always allows some margin for human magnanimity. If this nation saw success in such a measure, it would enact it; so would any herd of cattle. Room is allowed man for the play of motives higher than policy; his highest success comes only when he seeks first the kingdom of justice, and then finds that all other advantages are added thereunto. "Honesty," says Whately, "is indeed the best policy; but no honest man ever acted on that principle." Indeed, it takes an honest man to find out such policy; those see clearly how emancipation would end the war forever, who would emancipate in any case, because it is right. Yet probabilities can be shown in the direction of our method, which are far stronger than any indicating that war can win us even a military victory over the rebellion; probabilities more numerous and sufficient than those on which human beings act in a majority of cases.

There is a point in the South by touching which the entire military power of the South is paralyzed. Nat Turner touched that point, and, with fifty negroes behind him, held the entire State of Virginia as if stricken by catalepsy for five weeks. John Brown touched it, and, with twenty-one men, so held Virginia that, had he had a fourth of McClellan's army, he could in one month have occupied the entire State. It became a proverb, that John Brown had demonstrated the weakness of Slavery. This huge machinery of armies and numbers is a barbarism; it is as if we built great Roman aqueducts, ignoring the modern discovery of the water-level, which makes a hydrant in one's yard answer the same purpose, or a better. It is a rudeness far behind our civilization to think that numbers can conquer for us: numbers are as weak as they are strong. We are beyond that in our municipal governments. It is estimated that twenty policemen can conquer and disperse the largest riot or tumult that could occur in New York. Why? Because each policeman has the moral power of the nation at his back, whilst the rioters are mere bits of chaos. We do not have to set one half of a city to keep the other half in order. I have seen a half-dozen burly ruffians led to prison by a man weaker than either of them, but who had an IDEA symboled in the star on his breast, whilst the ruffians had none. When our country has an idea in this war, it need only send South a moderate police force. Nat Turner and John Brown, with stars out of heaven on their breasts, holding commissions from Almighty God to put down the organic disorder in the South, proved that Slavery cannot stir but as Freedom permits it; but McClellan, with 700,000 men under him for six months, proved that men unarmed with ideas are as unable to cope with the kindled ferocity of wrong, as they are without guns to cope with half their number of tigers. In a fearful sense our men are yet unarmed.

It is a common phrase with many of those who evidently think that the Union would be nothing without slavery, that an edict of emancipation would not reach or free a single slave, and, to use a favorite phrase with certain journals, "would not be worth the paper upon which it should be written." I observe, however, that these always end their arguments by saying, For God's sake, do not try it! It is quite remarkable how nervous they are, lest an edict should be put forth which could have no effect whatever.

Have we considered well what would be the practical bearing if our government should declare every slave free? Slavery would by this stroke of the pen be exposed to the anti-slavery feeling of the world. If John Brown had a successor, he would march South under protection of the flag under which the old Captain was hung. White and black crusaders would rise in Canada, Kansas, Ohio, Hayti, New England, following new hermit-leaders to rescue the holy places of humanity. Hayti would no longer need beg laborers to come to her shores, and pay them for coming: she need only send her ships to cruise near the inlets and creeks of the Southern coast, and pick them up as they should escape.

It is not to the point, observe, to say that such an edict would not at once free the slaves practically; it would practically do a better thing,—*it would recall to his home, where he ought to be, every soldier now in arms against the United States.* It is manifest that the South would not be able to resist the anti-slavery crusade of the world, guarding its slaves from escape, and at the same time leave its homes to assassinate the liberties of the United States. All that a Southerner hath will he give for his slave; and to that cord drawing him home would be added that panic which a whisper of insurrection can raise in that section to such an extent that it drives all before it. In a single month there would be a distribution of all the forces of the Confederacy into various Home Guards.

Perhaps I am more impressed with the conviction of the immediate potency of emancipation than persons reared in the North. I have seen the pallor which a whisper can bring upon the cheeks of hundreds. I know that a casual rumor has again and again deprived whole towns of a week's sleep. Negro insurrection is the name for every horror, simply because it is one of which the Southerners know nothing. It is doubtful whether, in all the insurrections in the South for a hundred years put together, five hundred slaves have been in actual insubordination. The present generation has seen nothing of the kind. That is the very reason why there is such a horror and panic about it; it is a vague, mysterious, and unknown evil. As far as the shudder about "covering the South with the horrors of insurrection" is real, and not a traitorous pretence, it may be met by the fact that the history of insurrection throughout the world shows that in every case the barbarity was chiefly on the part of the whites, and always provoked by them. In every case, twenty blacks have been butchered to one white. Of all the races now on earth, there is none so little cruel, so little bloodthirsty, as the negro; that being why it has been for so many ages the enslaved race. The only dread we could have in an immediate emancipation of this race is, that the Confederate forces would rush home to massacre their negroes. Doubtless they would ask the United States for a few months' truce for that purpose—and as the family of fools is yet quite large and respectable, and most of them have managed to become Generals in our army, there would be danger that our courteous McClellans, Hallecks, etc., would be "quiet" until the massacre should take place. But when we are up to such a master-stroke of justice, we shall be up to stripping the epaulets from negro-hounds and placing them on the shoulders of men. We should recognize in that call for a truce, which would surely come, God's invitation for us to march into the South the protectors of black and white—an army of saviors, not of destroyers—our glorious task to see that the transition-pangs of the South were safely passed, and her people born into light and liberty.

Let none doubt that the slave is ready to stir in a way which will paralyze the armies of the South, as soon as he hears the true voice. I once asked a slave why it was that he and others did not escape: he replied, "Because, after getting out of the slave-*holding* States, we must either drive under or fly over all the slave-*hating* States from here to Canada." Let Canada be carried wherever our flag goes; nay, let every slave be empowered and authorized to make the spot on which he stands Canada.

The South has not a misgiving that her slaves are not generally asleep to these issues. I have heard of a Southerner who, having a Northern visitor before whom he was showing off slavery in clean linen, finally alleged that his slaves were so happy that nothing could induce them to accept their freedom. To make the experiment perfect, he, in the presence of the Northern man, offered them their freedom if they desired to leave him. *Every one of them said he would accept freedom.* Whereupon the master swore at them as fools who did not know what was good for them, ordered them to their work, and in future exhibitions before Yankees never attempted the manumission-trick. Fortunately for him, the Yankee had already taken South-side views of the institution.

When John C. Fremont was a candidate for the Presidency there was no portion of the South where the watchword "Freedom and Fremont" was not heard at midnight. The South was on the verge of panic. Lately, when that same man was in the Western Department, that cry from the slaves was echoed from plantation to plantation all along the Mississippi, Tennessee, and Red Rivers; and so frequent was it at last, that the apprehension reached the semi-loyal of the Tennessee and Kentucky border, who acted up through all the shades of disloyalty and loyalty, until the panic of rebels was felt at the Capitol, and removed the Warrior of Liberty from his command.

By that removal, and by the infamous proclamations and wanton renditions by which our officers have humiliated us even more than by their wretched incompetency, we have doubtless alienated these negroes from us. So that our task, at first easy, is now difficult. But it is certain that we need only let the slaves along the border know our good faith, to have the tidings flash through the South all along the lines of nature's telegraph; *the way to do this, is to free the slaves of the Border States immediately.*

When I first came North, I used to maintain stoutly, with my companions, that the slaves did not desire freedom. More than twenty years had I lived amongst those dumb creatures, never dreaming that any one of them had a thought of freedom. But when I returned South I found that they not only knew, what few whites knew, that I was anti-slavery, but they were eager to consult me as to how they might escape. All this took me by surprise; I had never hinted freedom to one of them, and it was in one of the obscurest parts of Virginia, where Northerners never came; then I saw, for the first time, that the whole social system of the South is undermined.

The South does not as yet fully comprehend her own weakness. But she knows that every warrior has his vulnerable heel. Our only danger is, that, before our slow Northmen are ready to act, the South will suspect this her danger, and will cover it up with a decree of emancipation for all able-bodied men who will bear arms for the Confederacy. That would free nearly 500,000 negro men, which would be a cheap price to pay for a victory over the North, which would give them power to recover the emancipated half-million by reopening the slave trade, and would not impair slavery at all. (For I do not believe the South would give up slavery for anything!) The children, by the codes of all slave States, follow the condition of the mother, and such a decree would manumit no women.

No bid that we could then make for these negroes would bring them to our side; for they would then be under military rule, and animated by the spirit of the contest. The power that is nearest is that which they have most faith in; a distant, less imposing power might double the offer with no effect.

There is one man in the South who has his eye steadily on the watch in this direction. Jefferson Davis has no faith whatever in the fondness of the negro for his condition.

A few years ago an artist of Philadelphia was engaged by the State of South Carolina to prepare some national emblematic picture for her State-House. Jefferson Davis was requested to act with the South Carolina committee in criticising the studies for this design. The first sketch brought in by the artist was a design representing the North by various mechanic implements, the West by something else, whilst the South was represented by various things, the centrepiece, however, being a cotton-bale with a negro upon it, fast asleep. When Jeff saw it he said, "Gentlemen, this will never do: what will become of the South when that negro wakes up?"

The first blast from the trump of universal Freedom will reveal to Jeff and his Confederates that the negro has already waked up; also, which is more important, that the North is waked up; then will our army go marching on to bloodless victory—trampling scourges, not men, breaking fetters, not hearts.

Ah, what tongue can celebrate a victory so glorious; a victory which would restore to our firesides the lost links of their circles; which would touch the blighted lands of the South as by a magic wand, until its desert should rejoice and blossom as the rose; which should clasp the broken arch between North and South with the infrangible keystone, eternal Justice!

* Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

AN ENGLISH TOMB IN THE DESERT.

LONG before Petherick left England, a marble tablet had been consigned to his care by the relatives of the late Mr. Melley, who dying at Gagee, was buried in the neighborhood; and it was their earnest wish that the memorial stone should be placed on his tomb in the presence, if possible, of Petherick. To avoid delay, a messenger was sent to the village to invite the Sheikh to our tent. He was absent, but his uncle, a fine old man, named Ali Wood Nassa, returned with the guide. He informed us that his brother, Hassan Wood al Hassam, Sheikh of Gagee when Mr. Melly died, had also been dead a few months, and that his son, a mere youth, filled his father's place. With alacrity he consented to lead us to the tomb, a mile distant. Our horses were saddled, and we rode slowly thither, the men carefully carrying the white marble slab. It bears the following inscription:—"PEREGRINO RISPETTA LA TOMBA DELLA STRANIERO.—In memory of Andrew Melly, of Liverpool, England. Born at Geneva, 12th of May, 1802: died at Gagee, near this spot, 19th of January, 1851. Returning from Khartoum, whither he was led by a love of science and natural history, accompanied by his family, consisting of his wife, two sons, and one daughter, he was here attacked by fever, and died in his tent after five days' illness. This tomb was erected over his grave in 1851, with unsolicited courtesy, by Latif Pasha, then governor of the Soudan; and in November, 1859, this tablet was sent from Liverpool by Mr. Melly's family, who are indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Petherick for bringing and placing it here." At the foot of the tablet a sentence in Arabic is carved, to the same purport as the Italian one at the head—"Respect the tomb of the stranger." As we approached a mound of some extent, Ali Nassa pointed to a tomb on the summit—the one we sought. It was surrounded by the graves of the natives, all beautifully neat. That fanaticism existed not here was evident; and proudly Ali Nassa mentioned that the body of the unbeliever was permitted to rest in peace next their dead, many of whom were regarded as saints. Carefully examining the tomb, which was built of rude brick, it was found to have suffered considerably from the heavy rains; and Petherick decided that it should be restored ere the stone was placed permanently. As the Moslems never suffer a change in their graves to be made without the offering of a bullock or sheep, respecting their feelings, one was ordered to be slaughtered the following morning.—*Mrs. Petherick's African Journal.*

HOMELESS.

From Miss Procter's "Chaplet of Verses."

IT is cold dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of tiny feet!
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the bleak cold street?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and the sleet?

My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;
All the beasts in our Christian England
Find pity wherever they go—
(Those are only the homeless children
Who are wandering to and fro).

Look out in the gusty darkness—
I have seen it again and again,
That shadow, that flits so slowly
Up and down past the window pane:
It is surely some criminal lurking
Out there in the frozen rain?

Nay, our Criminals all are sheltered,
They are pitied and taught and fed:
That is only a sister-woman,
Who has got neither food nor bed—
And the Night cries, "Sin to be living,"
And the River cries, "Sin to be dead."

Look out at that farthest corner
Where the wall stands blank and bare:—
Can that be a pack which a Peddler
Has left and forgotten there?
His goods lying out unsheltered
Will be spoilt by the damp night air.

Nay;—goods in our thrifty England
Are not left to lie and grow rotten,
For each man knows the market value
Of silk, or woollen, or cotton.
But in counting the riches of England
I think our Poor are forgotten.

Our Beasts and our Thieves and our Chattels
Have weight for good or for ill:
But the Poor are only His image,
His presence, His word, His will—
And so Lazarus lies at our doorstep
And Dives neglects him still.

*TRUE MOTIVES OF THE CONDUCT OF ENGLAND.**

LET me examine more closely whether it be true, as is pretended, that the interests of commerce and manufactures have been almost the only motive power of England in the policy pursued by her during the past year with respect to the United States. A great deal has been said about cotton and calico! calico has been concerned in the matter, I doubt not; but there has been something else beside; reasons, if not more important, at least more elevated, have contributed their full part in determining the attitude of the English people. It is only just to show this—it is both just and salutary: for the better it is known, the better will it be comprehended, and the better also will reciprocal animosities be calmed.

As to cotton, I am far from believing that a wise government ought not to take considerations of this nature into account. In a country where the working of cotton turns thirty million spindles, and gives the means of existence to nearly four million laborers, it would be a strange magnanimity that should take high ground above the sufferings of these men, women, and children. Material interests as much as you please! They translate themselves into physical and moral miseries. Cotton become scarce ends in being regarded in the same light as other provisions in a famished garrison. Here are workmen laboring but three days, two days, one day, perhaps, in a week; others who are without any work at all, and have no other resources than the gifts of charity.

Let us hasten to say that this charity is admirable, and that the resignation of the workmen is no less so. They themselves have recognized the necessity of introducing reduced days' work, *short time*, into the manufactories; they have murmured neither against their masters nor the United States, and we have seen in what terms they have addressed the Americans.

Government has only to follow their example. While neglecting nothing, as is its duty, to alleviate and abridge the crisis, it should comprehend that to endure such a crisis for such a cause would be to effect immense progress. There is here wherewith to tempt the best ambition of England. It is unceasingly repeated that this age is an age of cotton, that cotton rules, that cotton is king; the question is to prove these assertions to be untrue. Exposed to the most formidable temptation that a manufacturing nation can encounter, it would be glorious to look it in the face, and go straight forward on its way.

The United States, in this respect, set a great example to Europe. Their factories at Lowell are suffering no less than those at Manchester and Mulhouse. No matter, duty has spoken, a noble cause must be sustained; they will accept the suffering, all classes will submit to extended privations, and we shall see the uprising of a great people.

England, it may be believed, would have more easily consented to take part in the sacrifice; she would have admitted with a better grace the excellence of the end toward which the Americans were proceeding, if the unlucky adoption of a new tariff had not occurred to bring into discredit, as it were, in the nick of time, the incipient Administration of Mr. Lincoln.

* * * * * *

But neither cotton nor the tariff can explain the unkindly, almost malevolent feeling which has repressed for long months the true sentiments of England. Whence comes this icy coldness? Whence came, at the first news of the seizure of the commissioners, these bursts of vehement indignation?

It must be admitted that it was the overflowing of a full cup. The point in question was to chastise Yankee insolence once for all.

The Americans, we admit, have often been very arrogant toward the English. They have shown themselves provoking and unjust. But what Americans? those of the North or the South? It would be rather strange to make friends atone for the wrongs of enemies. Now, whoever has penetrated beneath appearances sees that the North has never ceased to be attached to England at heart; it was the South that detested it. It was the South that, resting upon its cotton, believed itself able to brave everything against it. It was under the rule of Southern men that those acts of violence were committed—the bombardment of Greytown, placed under English protection, the dismissal of the English ambassador during the Russian war, the occupation of the island of San Juan.

All this may be traced to Southern policy, a policy founded on the violation of international right, on the contempt for foreign nations, on the necessity of making conquests for slavery, an odious policy, of which the filibusters of Walker were the worthy agents, and the Ostend manifesto the glorious formula. Mark that this policy had as its fundamental article the hatred of England, abolition England, liberal England, conservative England.

By what strange mistake have our neighbors beyond the channel placed to the account of the North what belonged essentially to the South? Doubtless, the North too had been more than once implicated; it had, moreover, its Democratic party in close alliance with the South. But under the surface, often rough, attentive observers discover something else. A moment's reflection will be sufficient to see that, once in conflict with the South, the North would seek in England its natural outside support.

To sustain the South in order the better to revenge the humiliations inflicted by the South, to grant the prayers of Mr. Davis and Mr. Mason in order the better to punish the system of which Messrs. Davis and Mason had been the most ardent representatives, surprises me, I acknowledge. It is a new example of the power of words. The word "United States" is enough with many; it was the United States by whom they were offended; it is the United States that must pay for the offence.

I shall not enter upon the examination of these real or feigned offences. I believe that England has self-respect enough not to show herself less patient toward America weak, than she did toward America strong. I think that she knows how to rank in their proper place many pretended wrongs, veritable commercial gossip, words attributed to such or such a statesman, speeches made in the heat of an election, the passing and unimportant excesses of a noisy and democratic regime.

As to the concessions which she has made, far from considering them humiliating, I regard them as among her brightest claims to honor. Face to face to a quarrelsome government which, under the constantly dominant influence of the South, conducted the affairs of the Union, England has known how to show herself moderate. So much the better! She has given way, she says, eight times in twenty-five years. What does it matter? I ask for real reasons of regret. Would it have been better to break with America than to settle the questions of Oregon, Maine and San Juan as she has done?

The fact remains unhappily certain, that the proceedings of the American government have been often of a nature to irritate England. We, Frenchmen, will not refuse to comprehend national susceptibilities. They have played a much greater part than has been imagined in the misunderstanding of the last year. They have rendered in some measure plausible the suppositions of those who say, "The act of Captain Wilkes is grave in our eyes, only because we see in it the inevitable and long foreseen conclusion of a policy hostile to England. Has not Mr. Seward himself made speeches in his time worthy of the most palmy days of American arrogance? Has be not designated Canada as the possible compensation for the loss of the South? The plan was fixed or nearly so. Knowing that we should be attacked, could we scruple much in becoming ourselves the assailants?"

I understand the sentiment that is thus expressed; it may have existed, but it is about to disappear. The *Trent* affair has rent asunder many veils, and laid bare many positions; the two peoples have seen each other, perhaps for the first time, in their true colors. Behind the blind transports of the moment, America has perceived the lasting affection of liberal Englishmen for the cause which she is maintaining; behind the declamations of the occasion, England has perceived the attachment of a friendly and sister nation. Henceforth, I hope, the monopoly will be left to Southern statesmen, Mr. Toombs, for example, of those malignant attacks in which he formerly excelled, when he declared on the floor of Congress that it was his greatest ambition to cover the Atlantic with armed steamers in order to humble Great Britain.

I would go too far, doubtless, were I to affirm that many Englishmen, on their side, were moved by the desire of humbling the United States. It is notwithstanding incontestible that English policy has inherited the maxim from the last century, which clear-sighted men reject, but which has its effect upon the crowd, that the maritime preponderance of England exacts the abasement of the United States.

There are men in England who detest Americans as cordially as their ancestors did at the close of the Revolutionary war. There are some who regard as a great advantage the co-existence of two rival races, constantly engaged in strife, and annulling each other. There are some who have a vision of a protectorate in the South, or even a monarchical establishment under an English prince, with a national Church and all its appendages; yes, the united kingdom of England, Ireland and America appears to have mirrored itself before some imaginations.

All this must enter into the computation when we would explain the impulses of the public mind. I take care, moreover, not to stop at considerations of this kind. Although future danger of interference from the American navy may be taken in earnest by the majority of English statesmen, I do not think that such a motive had a marked influence on their attitude. It is more probable that, in the recent complications called forth by the war, they have found a natural occasion to put Canada in a state of defence, or to display the immense maritime resources of their country.

I cannot help believing that they have also found occasion therein to obtain another kind of success. The cabinet lived by expedients, the majority was reduced to the most alarming proportions. Lord Palmerston saw the session approaching without having yet discovered means to strengthen his position. Suddenly, an overwhelming majority presented itself; the Tories promised their support; the *Morning Herald* pledged it solemnly in their name, provided Lord Palmerston showed no weakness toward the United States; it was a party stroke, and the long parliaments of the American war seemed about to begin anew. With the war, all serious opposition, for the moment at least, would cease; the national excitement would give birth to a sort of unanimity; all reforms and all questions difficult of solution would fall to the second place.

If we add to this, that, unfortunately for Englishmen, they are far from examining their foreign with as much independence as their home affairs, that they are accustomed on this point to follow their government at first with almost blind docility, and to criticise later, too late, when the nation is at strife, and you will comprehend that the right of the parliamentary session and the triumphant majority may have contributed, unknown to the English people and the ministers themselves, to the rigidity that has been introduced into American relations.

But let us come to a more justifiable and also, I am convinced, more real motive. If there had been nothing but cotton, or the tariff, or the fear excited by a hostile navy, or the remembrance of a vexatious quarrel or unfriendly measures, or the desire of settling old accounts and preventing hostile designs, or the tempting chance of securing an election, neither the English nor their government would have acted as they have done.

Their great motive, their great excuse, shall I say, has been that, for many years past and with increasing violence, English institutions have been attacked in the name of those of America. The United States have become an engine of war, a battering-ram hurled unceasingly against their ramparts.

One might be irritated for less cause. What thence ensued? In the embarrassment of the United States England saw at first only the embarrassment of a republic; in the failure of the American cause, she saw the failure of Mr. Bright and the radical party. The controversy has been continued in this manner through events and by events. The more the embarrassment increased on the other side the Atlantic, the more was the rejoicing, on this side, for having a throne and a House of Lords.

I, certainly, would not be the one to regret that the English republicans should receive such a lesson; I know of few enemies more dangerous to liberty. Let the constitutional monarchy be defended against them to extremity, let the levelling tendencies of the Manchester school be repelled afar; nothing is better or more lawful. I can even understand how *The Times*, somewhat exaggerating the natural instruction furnished by the American crisis, exclaims by way of conclusion: "If royalty did not exist, we would be forced to create it."

But, this concession once made to an enthusiasm which is far from surprising me, are we not justified in regretting that we could not have deemed it possible to be at once strongly attached to English institutions and strongly sympathetic with the American cause?

I seek in vain to discover the incompatibility of the two sentiments. What! are the friends of constitutional monarchy reduced to living by the failures of the republican system? What! if there should be somewhere a prosperous republic, would constitutional monarchy no longer have a right to subsist?

The men who have just entered their protest in England, thank God! against the fleeting errors of public opinion, are somewhat prouder and surer of their convictions. As much attached as any one to the institutions of their country, they know how to admit that other countries may have other institutions. If republicans succeed in resolving the true problem of liberty in Switzerland or America, they will be rejoiced instead of grieved thereby, and will be only the more devoted to their monarchy and Parliament. To them, English institutions are not at the mercy of events, depending on the failure or success of some other form of government. With an assurance that is not devoid of pride, they contemplate their liberal loyalty, their aristocracy always ready to sacrifice its prejudices or interests at need, to decree Catholic emancipation or the abolition of their protective system, their powerful nation, in fine, securing the triumph of public opinion through elections, the press, and the jury, and they challenge the whole world to inspire them with the desire of political revolution.

Such has been the great motive of the English people. Let us add, to render it complete justice, that upon two essential points, sincere prejudices, as unconquerable as sincere, have formed an obstacle hitherto to the sympathies upon which America seemed able to count. These prejudices, the value of which I shall have to weigh carefully in the third part of my work, must be mentioned in this place, in order to take into account the sum total of the motive powers which has determined the attitude of England.

In the first place, the separation of the South was held at once to be definitive and irremediable. This admitted, a practical nation, which makes few theories and has great respect for facts, was naturally led to hold in contempt or even hatred, so many efforts essayed to attain a chimerical end. The war was nothing longer but a criminal and costly folly, in which it was impossible to be interested. "The Union is gone." Such was the oracle uttered by *The Times*, that political Bible of so many Englishmen. Thenceforth, all remained convinced that there were two nations in America instead of a single one; the great question was decided in advance in favor of the South; its quality of belligerent appeared reasonable, while waiting till it should be recognized.

When we set out with a conviction like this, we are usually little disposed to accept anything which would call our axioms in question, and force us to recommence our calculations. Here is a fact accomplished; let no one make any change therein, or we shall be disappointed.

A second oracle, no less infallible, was uttered, and its influence has been immense. The North, it was said, is as indifferent to slavery as the South; the point in question between them is supremacy, political dominion.

This once granted, the consequences unfolded of themselves. The great liberal and Christian party remained immovable, the men most known for their abolition sentiments openly refused to call or preside over meetings against the South. This forbearance was carried so far that prayers began to be offered for the success of the most iniquitous compromises, the peace conference, and the Crittenden measure. Through misapprehension of America, England has ceased to be England.

* From COUNT DE GASPERIN'S new work, "America in the Sight of Europe," translated by MARY L. BOOTH. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand st.

THE RECAPTURED AFRICANS.

THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND DENMARK.

IN acceptance of a proposition made some time since by the Danish government, and communicated by the President to Congress, and act was passed at the recent session authorizing the President to enter into arrangements with one or more foreign governments having possessions in the West Indies or other tropical regions, to receive from the United States all negroes delivered from on board vessels seized in the prosecution of the slave trade by commanders of United States vessels, and to provide them with suitable instruction, clothing and shelter, and to employ them, at wages, under such regulations as shall be agreed upon, for a period not exceeding five years from the date of their being landed at the place or places agreed upon. In pursuance of this act, the subjoined contract has just been entered into by the Minister of Denmark and the Secretary of the Interior on the part of the United States:

COPY OF AGREEMENT.

This agreement, entered into between Waldemar Rudolph Von Raasloff, Charge d'Affaires, for and on behalf of the government of Denmark, and Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, for and on behalf of the government of the United States, witnesseth:

That the government of Denmark agrees to receive from the United States, through its duly constituted authorities, for a term of five years, at a landing-place called Westend, on the Danish Island of St. Croix, in the West Indies, all negroes, mulattoes, or persons of color delivered from on board vessels seized in the prosecution of the slave trade by commanders of United States armed vessels, and to provide them with suitable instruction, and with comfortable clothing and shelter, and to employ them at wages in conformity with the provisional act issued by the Governor of St. Croix on the twenty-sixth day of January, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, entitled "Provisional act to regulate the relations between the proprietors of landed estates and the rural population of free laborers" (a copy of which is hereto annexed) for a period not exceeding five years from the date of their being landed at the aforesaid landing-place, and that the United States shall not be liable for any expenses on account of said negroes, mulattoes, or persons of color, after having landed them at the aforesaid landing-place. And the government of the United States agrees to deliver to the government of Denmark, or its duly constituted authorities, at the aforesaid landing-place on the Danish Island of St. Croix, in West Indies, whenever practicable, all negroes, mualttoes, or persons of color, delivered from on board vessels seized in the prosecution of the slave trade by commanders of United States armed vessels during the five years next succeeding the date of this agreement; and to issue instructions to the commanders of the armed vessels of the United States directing them, whenever it shall be practicable, and under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the President of the United States, to proceed directly to the aforesaid landing-place on the Danish Island of St. Croix, and there deliver to the duly constituted authorities of the government of Denmark all negroes, mulattoes, or persons of color delivered from on board vessels seized in the prosecution of the slave trade.

And it is further agreed that the government of Denmark shall allow the United States Consul for St. Croix, or such other agent as the government of the United States may appoint for that purpose, freely and without hinderance, and at all times, to visit and inspect the condition of the negroes, mulattoes, or persons of color that may have been landed on the Island of St. Croix under this agreement.

Signed, sealed and delivered in duplicate at the city of Washington, this nineteenth day of July, A. D. eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

W. RAASLOFF, Charge d'Affaires.
CALEB B. SMITH, Secretary of Interior.

THE DUNKERS.

A WRITER in *The Western Advocate* gives an account of the general meeting of the religious sect known as "Dunkers" which was recently held at Brookville, Ind.:

"From all parts of the United States, except from the rebellious ones, representatives are present, making an assemblage of several thousand persons. For weeks past they have been gathering in from every direction by private and public conveyances in such crowds as to impress the looker-on that the world has been suddenly converted to Dunkerism. Yesterday I visited the 'Conference,' as they call their present meeting, which is held septennially, and was much interested in what I saw and heard. An immense tent, capable of seating two thousand Dunkers, but not more than half that number of persons dressed in the prevailing style, is the principal preaching place. The tent is divided by a cloth partition in the middle, so that two services can be held at the same time. When I reached the ground two of the brethren were holding forth in the tent, one in a large barn hard by, and another in an orchard. One or two of the preachers that I listened to seemed to be intelligent men, and discoursed as orthodoxly as need be; others were destitute, apparently, of every qualification for the ministry, except zeal and good lungs. They all practise that abominable singsong which was formerly in vogue among the hard-shell Baptists; and in addition to that, they have the equally disagreeable

'Nasal twang,
That spoiled the Psalms when Cromwell's army sang.'

I was struck, however, with their great familiarity with the Scriptures, which they quote more than any preachers I have ever heard, and in that respect are worthy of imitation. In doctrine, the Dunkers are rather Arminian than Calvinistic, I inferred from their discourses, though some of them, it is said, reject the doctrine of eternal punishment. Upon the whole, they seem to be a very earnest, pious and exemplary people, of exceedingly strict morals and temperate habits—abstemiousness being, if I mistake not, a part of their religion. I judged so, at least, from the dinner to which I saw twelve hundred of them sit down together, and which consisted of boiled beef, bread and butter, and cucumber pickles. At the dinner, by the way, 'the men and women sit apart,' being divided by the cloth partition stretched across the middle of the great tent, which answers the purpose of a dining-hall as well as a chapel. The Dunkers dress very much like the Shakers—that is, in as ugly a costume as their ingenuity can invent."

AN AFRICAN MERCHANT.—Is all the money spent by Great Britain in the suppression of the slave trade lost? Let the following fact reply. Years ago, a little black boy was stolen from his home in Africa, and carried away captive into the Yoruba country. After enduring much suffering, and narrowly escaping being offered a human sacrifice, he was, when about sixteen years of age, sold as a slave to the Portuguese. No one can describe the horrors of the slave-ship into which the young African was forced, with hundreds of fellow-slaves. After being some days at sea, the slaver was seen by a British man-of war, and after a good chase, was secured as a prize. The vessel was taken to Sierra Leone, and the slaves were liberated. The poor boy to whom we refer was apprenticed to a European merchant. By diligence, attention, and perseverance, he proved a valuable servant, and, on the expiration of his apprenticeship, he was employed in various stations of trust by English merchants. Step by step he advanced. He sought and found Divine help and guidance. Through the kindness of Thomas Dove, he was enabled to begin business on his own account, and God has prospered the work of his hands. He is now one of the most influential of the Sierra Leone merchants. He is one of England's best customers, importing into Africa, as he does, *many thousands of pounds'* worth of our manufactures. John Ezzidio, Esq., of Sierra Leone, for such is the name of the gentleman whose career we have briefly sketched, is not only promoting commerce, but we rejoice to add, is using his influence and his money in extending the blessings of the gospel amongst his countrymen. Let America emancipate her slaves, and we feel assured, that, even in a commercial point of view, she will be the gainer.—*British Workman.*

JENNY LIND'S MUNIFICENCE.—The three oratorio performances lately given by Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt, after deducting the expenses (in each case amounting to about £500), produced the following results: *Messiah*, May 14, £900 12s.; *The Creation*, May 28, £899 14s. 7d.; *Elijah*, June 4, £883 16s. 2d.; total, £2,684 2s. 9d. The net proceeds of *The Creation* have been paid to the Hospital for Consumption, at Brompton; of the *Elijah*, divided equally between the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain and the Royal Society of Female Musicians. The profits arising from the performance of *The Messiah* were distributed in the following manner: To the rector of Lambeth Society for the Employment of Needlewomen, £150; to Miss Stanley's establishment, York street, Westminister, £150; and £600 12s. to the Institution for Needlewomen, Hinde street, Manchester Square.

THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world—many confidently asserting that London, or, as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior both in size and number of inhabitants. But such is not the case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is without exception the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of 1,500,000 dwellings and 5,000,000 of human souls. Many of the streets are nineteen Japanesserls in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles.

The commerce of Jeddo far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along its coast is constantly white with the sails of ships. "Their vessels sail to the southern portion of the empire, where they are laden with rice, tea, sea-coal, tobacco, silk, cotton, and tropical fruits, all of which find a ready market in the North; and then return, freighted with corn, salt, oil, isinglass, and various other productions of the North, which have a market in the South."

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